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Notes of the Week

IF Mr. Lloyd George went to Genoa in the hope that something would turn up—which seemed at the time of his departure to be the prevailing opinion about his desire for the mission—he will not have been disappointed. It is, however, in the nature of irony that the great happenings of the last few days were not arranged at Genoa at all. To the idealists it is hardly conceivable that an agreement should be come to between two countries without the assistance of forty other nations. The unexpected has nevertheless happened, and it is far better to regard the settlement between Russia and Germany on its merits than to worry about whether the procedure was, or was not, a breach of the conditions on which the Conference took place. One thing is quite obvious: The Prime Minister is on very infirm ground when he makes a complaint that the real sin committed by the delinquents was to make a settlement out of court. If that were so, his obvious course was to lodge his complaint before the whole Conference. This he preferred not to do. Instead he imitates the very line of action about which he is so vigorously complaining. He himself summons a hole-and-corner gathering of his supporters, and with their concurrence issues a bull of excommunication against Germany.

Germany, being confronted by a protest against her action in making an agreement with Russia, quite naturally called public attention to the fact that Mr. Lloyd George and his friends had no more right than the man in the moon to call her to book. This was surely a matter for the whole Conference to decide. When the Conference does come to consider the question of whether or not Germany can continue to play her full part in the discussions, it will be found, we venture to anticipate, that her cause will be espoused by the most powerful allies. Russia, of course, and the neutral States will support her. There cannot be

much doubt but that if the Conference is to be continued to any purpose, the whole incident will be brushed aside. It is difficult to see in what respect Germany has acted unjustifiably. From the moment the Conference was mooted, all the parties concerned began to meet in little conclaves and confabulations. By the time the Conference took place, the nations of the world were as firmly divided into groups as are the parties in any democratic parliament. Moreover, the whole aim and object of the Conference itself was to achieve a settlement in central and eastern Europe. If such a settlement has been achieved no one has the right to complain, particularly as none of the items in this agreement compromises the Allies.

Consider the agreement itself. It falls under four heads. Full diplomatic relations are resumed. This is solely a matter for Germany and Russia. Moreover, did we not desire to come to a similar understanding with Russia? Second, all debts and reparation claims are cancelled. The leading economists have been advocating such a solution of the financial and economic difficulties for three years past. Third, the German claims in respect of private property are cancelled unless Russia admits claims by other States. The interests of the other States are therefore adequately safeguarded and none of them can complain. Then there is to be reciprocity of trade to which all the other arrangements were preliminary. The more thoroughly Russia and Germany can revive their common trade, the better chance we stand of getting our reparations paid and of doing business ourselves. In these circumstances to take a stand on a technical detail of procedure, and to try to break the agreement on an exquisite point of diplomatic propriety, is to cut our own throats. We are therefore unhesitatingly led to the opinion that commonsense will prevail, that the agreement will be allowed to stand—or, at any rate, be confirmed in some other form—and that Germany will not be penalized; the more so as we have more to expect from Germany and Russia than they have from us.

There is one small point arising out of the agreement between Russia and Germany which should not be allowed to be glossed. Herr Rathenau asserts that our Ambassador in Berlin was fully advised about the development of the preliminary negotiations. He further asserts that he had communicated with those who had privy with Mr. Lloyd George about the developments in the situation. Lastly, he claims that he personally had endeavoured to discuss the matter with our Prime Minister on several occasions, but without success. In the circumstances Mr. Lloyd George's assertion that the whole thing came to him as a surprise may be true, but it has that disingenuous trait about it which is not calculated to raise him in the general esteem. It is to be hoped in the circumstances that he will clarify the position; and this he can do quite frankly without compromising himself. That such an agreement was in process of negotiation he must have heard, if only indirectly. That he did not credit that it was so near completion is quite possible. In the meantime Herr Rathenau's assertions, if they remain unanswered, will do much to injure British prestige.

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Messrs. Griffith and Collins have shown themselves during the past week to be sportsmen; and if sportsmanship were synonymous with statesmanship all might be well with Ireland. But everything in the end comes back to economics and finance. The withdrawal of the English troops and officials from the country means that the country is being deprived of an expenditure on the necessities and luxuries of existence of about £1,000,000 a week. There were signs last week that the country was beginning to realize this. The Trade Unions called the attention of both factions to the fact that they had had about enough of this childish squabbling. Sooner or later both Mr. de Valera's and Mr. Griffith's pocket money will give out. Then they will not be able to afford such expensive luxuries as machine guns, armoured cars, and ammunition. Until this contingency arrives the situation will remain unchanged.

In the present disputes which are now disturbing industry, two main questions are at the bottom of the trouble. First, there is the question of wages, which is the nominal cause of the shipbuilding and cotton trade disputes; and second, there is the question of the internal economy of the workshop, which has been more prominently discussed in the engineering lock-out. As regards wages, it is quite plain that however unpleasant it may be the men will be forced to accept the inevitable. Unless they do—it is a platitude to say it—there can be no recovery. The other question is one of more lasting importance. It is really the question of the "closed shop." Whether or not non-union men are to be prevented from working in industrial undertakings, and, what follows as a consequence, whether or not restrictions are to be placed on the more efficient men, has some time or other got to be settled. We can never compete favourably with other nations when a premium is placed on the average man and not on the best man. Here in its essence is the real industrial trouble, and it involves a reconsideration of the whole Trade Union policy. No one can fail to admire the solidarity of the Trade Union movement. But solidarity, like patriotism, is not enough.

The ancient Universities are crying out for the pound of the taxpayer's flesh awarded to them by the recent Commission. Until 1920, Oxford and Cambridge managed to carry on without public subvention. Under the reconstruction policy which was responsible for so many precedents they were each given a grant of £30,000 annually. Having tasted blood, it was not surprising that they should cry out for more. The Commission recommended that they should receive £100,000 annually—and they are bringing every kind of pressure to bear to get it. It is really time to consider the philosophy of the situation. It is only too easily assumed that because they need the money they have a lien on the Exchequer. Whether or not they are in a state of poverty, we shall not for the moment pause to examine. What we do take the strongest exception to, however, is this evil principle that the whole community should be taxed in order to support institutions which are not accessible to the whole community. The State might as well endow a Trade Union. Public charity will never be an efficient substitute for private benevolence. It may, however, kill it. No individual, however generous, can compete with State grants. Oxford and Cambridge owe their existence and their maintenance to the philanthropy of private persons. They have now amongst their sons some of the richest men in the Kingdom. Let them first appeal to this source—which they show no inclination to do—and when the result has been proved unsatisfactory—which we do not think it will—let them open the question again.

Sir Robert Horne has announced his intention of coming home in order, presumably, to give a glance at the Budget which has been prepared for him in his absence. That he should ever have been allowed to go to Genoa seems to us a serious mistake, and had he had the faintest sense of his grave responsibility, nothing whatever could have induced him to depart at such a moment as this. The revival of trade is being held up by the very natural desire of business men to know what remission of taxation is to be expected. Sir Robert Horne might advantageously have spent such time as he could spare, not in sight-seeing in Genoa and Florence nor in palavering with people whose language he cannot understand, but in looking into the state of commerce in his own country and learning the language of the business men at home. He has had no experience whatever of finance, and he might have stayed in this country to study it. The spectacle presented by the absence from England of almost all its leading statesmen is most unseemly. It is aggravated by the fact that this business happens about once a month. Apparently no minister will consent to do his own work until he has done everybody else's. These frequent holidays at the public expense may be delightful for those who have the necessary freedom to take them. But surely the obvious corollary is that if the departments at home do not justify the maintenance of a minister on their own merits, either they or the ministers might be dispensed with.

Mr. Fisher is the exponent in this country of the most dangerous Prussian theory of education. He has made his policy, if not in so many words, at any rate by inference, quite clear. He desires to draw every educational institution in the country into the governmental net. There will be—it is the inevitable consequence—an educational hierarchy in this country which can only be paralleled in the religious sphere by the organization of the Church of Rome. The great educational enterprises in this country—we should never forget it—have owed their foundation and their survival to the endowments of private persons. The Grammar Schools and the ancient Universities are living proofs of the wisdom of this great tradition. They have stood independent—as centres of learning should always be—of outside interference. They have been aloof from any influence whether of a religious or of a political character. If this bulwark is to be broken down, and if the schools and universities of England are to be as much organs of national policy as a Government Department, we may have education, but we shall never have culture. The older universities—it is deeply to be deplored—fell before the bait proffered to them by Mr. Fisher in 1920. But they surrendered more than they received. Thus is one of the greatest traditions of England passing away. When we laid Prussia in the dust, need we have plundered her ideas?

Nothing but well and fair marks the visit of the Prince of Wales to Japan. There was never any doubt of the cordiality of the welcome he would receive; indeed, after the splendid reception given in this country last year to the Japanese Crown Prince, it would be passing strange were it otherwise. There is, besides, the fascination of the Prince's personality to which so many quite impartial critics bear witness. Yet it would be a mistake to attach any particular international significance to his visit or to the multitudinous, enthusiastic cries of *Banzai* that acclaim him. Japan will unhesitatingly pursue the policy on which the militaristic junta that governs her have determined. Elsewhere we discuss the situation in the Far East and Lord Northcliffe's warning with respect to the aims of Japan.

It is highly satisfactory to learn that the situation in India, though still disturbed; is responding to the firmer measures of the India Government, and shows distinct signs of improvement, especially in the Punjab. Disorder continues in Assam and the United Provinces, but appears to be subsiding. The arrest and imprisonment of Gandhi seems to have produced nothing but good results, and wonder grows why it was that he was not dealt with long ago. The week of universal mourning for his imprisonment ended in a *hartal*, which, being interpreted, means the enforced suspension of all work; and it was a failure. The India Government has laid its hands on other real authors of sedition, and these are now serving terms of rigorous confinement in various gaols. The Caliphate agitation has been damped down, and, best of all, the law-abiding sections of the Indian world have been heartened and encouraged by the display of the Government's strong hand, as we expected they would be. The lesson of all this is obvious. A weak Government is in the eyes of Orientals on the way to complete collapse, but a strong Government is sure of respect and obedience.

It has long been evident that the gravest trouble that afflicts our Government is its lack of prescience. There is no thinking of things out to a conclusion as inevitable, or at least as definite, as sound logical reasoning may achieve. There were many instances of this during the war; the whole war, indeed, was an instance. This improvisatory statesmanship is still going on, with evermore disquieting results. The famous Balfour declaration which, on the one hand, established a Jewish National Home in Palestine, and, on the other, made this impossible by affirming that it was to be done without prejudice to or interference with the rights of the Arab or other inhabitants of that country, is another example. The result, of course, is a mess. If there are to be peace and progress in the Holy Land, as most people desire, some modification must be made of the idea of the Jewish National Home or, at all events, of the extreme Zionist programme. The lot of the British official who has to keep step with the Zionists and their opponents is, meanwhile, not a happy one.

We would commend to the attention of our readers the article from a correspondent which appears on page 413 of this issue, on the subject of the problem of the Straits of Gibraltar. The question of Tangier will shortly come up for re-discussion between England and France, and, as our correspondent points out, it is necessary in this, as in other matters, that we should have a policy determined upon beforehand. We have long been convinced of the uselessness of Gibraltar for any military purpose. It is completely obsolete as a fortress; and its existence is a continual irritant to Spanish feeling with regard to this country. If this irritant were removed, the natural friendliness of the Spanish towards the English people would be stimulated. We have every reason to believe that the exchange of Gibraltar to Ceuta, advocated by our correspondent, would be quite satisfactory to Spain, and of definite advantage to ourselves. The Spaniards would have Gibraltar restored and their national pride—extremely sensitive in such matters—would be satisfied by receiving it, not as a gift, but as an exchange on a basis of mutual advantage. We trust that no mere sentimentality will be allowed to stand in the way of an expert consideration of this proposal.

The Easter holidays recalled the happy pre-war period. For the first time since the Armistice they took place in an atmosphere of freedom. The restriction on the consumption of drink and other interferences were more relaxed, and the purveyors of amusement and entertainment felt more inclined to exhaust their ingenuity in the provision of distractions and comforts

to the holiday maker. In the circumstances the seaside places and health resorts took on an air of almost continental gaiety. Dancing halls and sports grounds are growing up in great profusion. Hotels are vying with one another in the provision of the latest attractions. All this means that competition, the healthiest device ever conceived by the ingenuity of human nature, is coming into its own again—we hope, to stay. There is no satisfactory substitute for it, and we trust that those who have suffered so long under the controls and restrictions and centralized enterprise that have characterized the last eight years of our lives, will not tolerate any further advance of socialism, but on the contrary, will carry the remaining forts which still fly its ugly flag.

A Sunday newspaper widely advertised the following "scoop": "How we convicted Armstrong, by the Foreman of the Jury." This we think is a new precedent in sensationalism, and not a very healthy one. The tradition of English journalism has hitherto been sufficiently high to treat the proceedings of a jury as sacred. It has not even been found necessary to make the offence of obtaining the reminiscences of jurymen for publication a contempt of court, for it could never have been supposed that the kind of facetious and heartless revelations to which we were treated last Sunday, could possibly have seen the light of day. The pain caused to the convicted man, his family, and his friends, must have been intense. That we and they should learn that while the prisoner was anxiously awaiting the verdict his peers, in whose hands his fate lay, were calmly smoking cigarettes, is damnable. No one expects a jury to be more than human, but the Press, by giving emphasis to insignificant details of this character, distorts the whole perspective of the proceedings. We trust that the course taken by the newspaper in question, with which, and not with the simple person who yielded to the temptation of gaining a cheap public notoriety, the blame lies, will not become usual. If it does the next step will presumably be an interview with the Judge, revealing at precisely which stage he made up his mind, or the admittance of the cinematograph to the scene of the execution.

The Dowager Countess of Derby died in the beginning of the week; and although she was unknown to the general public of to-day, she exercised in her prime a powerful and extremely valuable influence on English political life. Even in her later years there was something both dignified and inspiring in her high character and commonsense, as those who had the privilege of talking with her in her room in Upper Brook Street will always remember. Such women have had a great influence in maintaining the level of English political tradition in the past; and we doubt very much whether the present methods of political life are in any way preparing a generation to succeed them. We offer a sincere tribute to the memory of this admirable lady, and our sympathy to the large family connexion that mourns her loss.

While many of the Beethoven String Quartets are familiar to every music lover, some are rarely, if ever, played in public, while others again present such difficulties of interpretation that only once in a way do concert-givers since Joachim's time put them in their programme. It is therefore with especial pleasure that we see an English quartet party are going to play the whole series in chronological order next week. It is by methods of this kind that a just appreciation of the development of Beethoven's genius, and a comprehension of the amazing intricacies of such works as the posthumous quartets and the tremendous fugue can be obtained.

'PUT AND TAKE' AT GENOA

EVENTS of outstanding and transcending importance occur in spite of Genoa. The little seaport town on the Adriatic merely projects the limelight. Beneath the glare the nations of Europe are seen falling into their new groupings. A vast conglomerate Mitteleuropa, in size and strength far greater than the wildest dreams ever dreamed in Prussia, welds itself together and hardens under the resistance of circumambient pressure. The artificial arrangements of Versailles crumble like castles in the sand. The new orientation of history is discernible. The stage is set for a clash and conflict between the old nationalism and the new internationalism. The representatives of the former tradition, France on the one side and Japan on the other, are stretched and held apart by the wide arms of that new body which stands firmly between the Pacific Ocean and the Vosges, and is tall enough to touch the Arctic Ocean on the north and the Black and Caspian Seas on the south. It is fortunate that the new pact between Germany and Russia was announced at Genoa, for the divisions of opinion which at once manifested themselves amongst the assembled Powers show us clearly what the world has now to hope and now to fear. The nations that were neutral in the recent war identify themselves with Germany and with Russia. Italy gives its moral support to the same side, although hesitating, as Britain does, for reasons of diplomacy, to throw down its weight with emphasis. Only the States of the Little Entente adhere to France. But morally, France stands alone, amazed and helpless before the fulfilment of those happenings which she most feared. She has come to Genoa to receive a sentence which the Prime Minister of England was loath to pronounce with his own lips. The Supreme Council which has dictated the affairs of Europe for three and a half years is broken in influence if not in name. The hollowness of Versailles is exposed now that the coverings are snatched away. Three men cannot for ever control a Continent. There are no longer victors and vanquished.

In order to see the import of what has happened, imagine that this understanding between Russia and Germany had been arrived at in the absence of any gathering at Genoa. France, already exasperated by the non-payment of reparations and exacerbated by the obvious loss of the money sunk by her peasantry in Russia, would have been up in arms. Her Government in a fever heat of passion would have plunged her armies into the interior of Germany and the realization of peace and the revival of commerce would have been postponed indefinitely. Such a course it has been the consistent policy of Great Britain to prevent. Time and again have we placed a restraining hand on the shoulders of those whose one desire was to lay Germany in the dust. The negotiations which were pending between Germany and Russia could not have been unknown to our Foreign Office. When the Prime Minister asserts that what happened was a surprise and a revelation to him he speaks, of course, the truth. But that he alone ignored what every well-informed student of political affairs has been discussing for weeks past is beyond the ambit of imagination. He had formed the opinion—whether based on strong rumour or on intelligence is of small importance—that some agreement of the nature now divulged was contemplated by Germany and Russia. Had he in the circumstances stood indifferently aside he would have placed himself in what he conceived to be a serious dilemma. France would have demanded vengeance and reprisal. By supporting France he would have opposed the realization of his own policy and desires. By opposing France he would have precipitated what he has so long sought to avoid—a breach in the Entente. On this reading of the facts, his keen enthusiasm for the Genoa Conference is at last made explicable. He wished to obtain a judgment against his ally in full court and to tie her hands so that she might not take armed action against Germany. In the circumstances it is surprising that no one who has followed the

road of events has had the insight to perceive the true significance of what has happened. The newspapers of the world, with the exception of the Socialist organs of Italy, have treated the new alliance as a breach of etiquette, and have allowed themselves to be drawn into a discussion as to the propriety of the arrangement at this moment. That surely is a matter of the most insignificant detail. If Germany and Russia deem it to their advantage to conclude a common sense and practical bargain, how, why, when or where they do so is primarily a matter for their mutual convenience. Why then does Mr. Lloyd George affect to be annoyed? There is only one explanation. This was the achievement that he himself sought. This was the triumph that he and he alone wished to bring back from Genoa. He has been forestalled. His policy has succeeded, but he has failed. Was there ever anything so paradoxical? Nothing more fruitful than this could have been expected to come from Genoa. Everything else of importance had been excluded from the agenda. The Cannes resolutions, qualified by the Boulogne reservations, had barred the discussion of disarmament, had eliminated the consideration of reparations, had rendered impossible an adjustment of common debts. What, then, could the Prime Minister of this country possibly have had in view unless it were the defeat of French policy and an understanding in Central Europe?

From first to last this Genoa Conference can have been nothing but camouflage. The problems of Europe when frankly regarded are comparatively simple. In so far as trade is concerned, that is a question for individuals. In so far as the relations between countries are concerned, the settlement of international debts and mutual Governmental obligations are questions for the individual Governments respectively. These things can have nothing whatever to do with the countries not directly interested. In so far as Russia and Germany have taught the world this lesson they have done well. The delegates to Genoa can only be annoyed because they have been made to look ridiculous. While they have been sitting round a Conference table playing 'Put and Take,' and gambling with stakes that are purely imaginary, Messrs. Chicherin and Rathenau have upset the little game. After all they can do what they like with their own money. Let us therefore see this squabble in perspective. That Germany and Russia, without the assistance of thirty-five nations, without the assistance of forty committees and sub-committees, without armies of experts, without drawing up an elaborate procedure, without the moral support of journalists and cinematographers, without hazy speeches and formal compliments, without the expenditure of vast sums of money and the sacrifice of weeks of precious time, should quietly and unostentatiously have reached a practical understanding must in the course of things cause a certain annoyance to those who had staged this elaborate proceeding of Genoa. But after all it was inevitable. It was the logical and natural outcome of the policy pursued by the Allies since the armistice. When Genoa has been forgotten, this agreement will remain. Fortified and vitalized as it is by the co-operation of the neutral Powers, it definitely marks the passing of the old balance of power in Europe and the establishment of the new grouping of nations on an economic basis. It is the most powerful and dominating alliance that the world has ever seen.

Mr. Lloyd George, representing this country as he does, has long hesitated between two courses of action. He has sought to placate France, but by his repeated qualifications and reservations he has done more to injure than to cement the friendship. He has striven for an understanding with Germany and Russia, but by refusing openly to avow his aims he has lost the confidence of both.

There is one policy and one alone which is consistent with the best traditions of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship. Let us forget the petty distractions of Europe. Let our merchants trade and our people travel, and by holding

aloof from matters which concern us not at all we may yet re-establish that respect in which we once were held. England does not belong to the dis-united States of Europe. She is first, last, and all the time a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The British Empire and the American Republic are the only stable rocks in the troubled seas of the world.

"WATCH JAPAN"

WE make no apology for again drawing attention to the situation in the Far East, which means Japan and Japan's relations with China. Though more or less obscured by the Genoa Conference and the highly unsatisfactory position of affairs in Europe, this remains a subject of the greatest importance and must not be lost sight of at the present time. For many months past we, alone or almost alone in the British Press, have persistently directed the thoughts of our readers to this matter, and have endeavoured to indicate the real aims and motives of the policy of Japan under the inspiration of the militarist junta that is not the Government of that country, but controls it. Sometimes epitomized as the "Elder Statesmen," and rightly so when Prince Yamagata and one or two others were alive, this junta now includes the chiefs of the Japanese army and navy, and is quite an irresponsible body, guided solely by its conceptions of what the interests of Japan demand with regard to her foreign policy. While not forgetting that the men composing this junta are sincerely patriotic according to their lights, we have examined the seriously disquieting implications of their policy. When the Washington Conference was in session, and after it was over, we expressed the opinion that, no matter what was done at or by the Conference, no genuine change, such as was desirable for the protection of China, would take place in that policy. In this we were as a voice crying in the wilderness. We are glad to see that Lord Northcliffe now lends his powerful support to our views. He spent some time in Japan in the course of his famous tour of the Pacific last year, and he has arrived at conclusions identical with our own, though we had no need to go to Japan to form them. On Tuesday there appeared in the *Daily Mail*, as its most prominent feature, a two-column article, written and signed by him, under the significant title "Watch Japan!"—very good advice, which the West, and especially Britain, will do well to heed.

Like the excellent journalist he is, Lord Northcliffe goes to the heart of the business in his opening paragraph by asking what is the purpose for which the "great Japanese home and overseas army and the great Japanese fleet" are being maintained. And he follows up this question by putting another: Why are the Japanese people more heavily taxed than any other for the support of armaments? These are extremely pertinent questions at a time when the problems of the Pacific are supposed to have been solved pacifically. Official Japan would answer these questions by asserting that her army, navy and high taxation are absolutely necessary for home defence. Not so Lord Northcliffe, who has no difficulty in finding one and the same, but a very different, answer to both the questions he posed, and it is—the mastery of China. This, we believe, is true. As we have often said before, this is the unchanged and unchanging policy of Japan, despite the Washington Conference, which may perhaps cause Japan to alter her methods but will not affect her ultimate design. We observe that Lord Northcliffe, like ourselves, has very little belief that beneficial results will accrue from the Four Power Pact, or Pacific Quadruple Treaty, that was ratified at Washington some weeks ago. Our view, as our readers know, is that the pact has nothing more than an academic interest, and that it does not prevent any Power who desires so to do from making a sudden attack, even without a declaration of war. It will be recalled that Japan

attacked Russia in 1904 without making such a declaration. Of course in a desperate war all rules are apt to be broken, but here we will quote Lord Northcliffe's exact words, for they strike down to the root of the matter. "The British public, in its indifference to the Far East, may be disposed, unless warned and continually warned, to rest satisfied with the paper agreement drawn up at Washington. A close study of Japanese diplomacy indicates that the war party of Japan is as indifferent in its policy to the keeping of treaties as are many private Japanese traders in regard to the infringement of other people's patents and trade marks." It is well, too, that our public should understand that there may be, and often is, a great difficulty in getting accurate news of what is happening in Japan. And this not only because, as Lord Northcliffe states, the power of the militarist party is absolute over every Japanese newspaper, and Japanese propaganda is as clever and incessant in every part of the world as it can be, but also because the same party controls the telegraph offices, and can, at its pleasure, withhold, or colour, the news sent out. The fact is that Japan has to be judged by her actions, and not by what she says or does not say; it is her actions, especially concerning China, that make her suspect.

We might wonder why Lord Northcliffe has selected this particular moment for publishing this article, were it not for two things. The first is this: last week and the week before we commented in our Notes on an extraordinary message sent to the *Times* by its Tokyo correspondent to the effect that Japan had decided to take precautionary measures regarding home defence, and to establish "connexions with neighbouring regions to secure supplies, and thus, in the event of war, bring about a drawn battle." The quoted words inevitably suggested China as the "neighbouring regions," and also indicated preparations for war—against whom, was the question. How the message passed the Japanese censor we do not know, but as soon as it was published it was contradicted by the Japanese authorities. Yet we do not doubt that it represents the policy of Japan. China, the greatest field for commerce and industry on the globe, is to continue to be exploited in one way or another, probably in all ways, by Japan, to the detriment of China herself and of all other countries. The second thing is this: China is on the eve of a civil war, in the background of which stands Japan, who is chiefly responsible for the militarism that has been the curse of China for some years. The policy of Japan has been directed to weaken China and to keep her weak through fomenting faction and strife. Japan started the rebellion that led to the overthrow of Yuan Shih-kai, a great Chinese, and her enemy. In the struggles between North and South she was now on one side and now on the other. In the impending conflict General Wu Pei-fu, the Tuchun of the Yangtse, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, and President Sun Yat-sen, of Canton, are known to be, or to have been, under Japanese influence. Evidently Japan has a big opportunity of fishing in these troubled waters. Lord Northcliffe's warning is therefore timely. "Watch Japan."

A PERSECUTED BIRD

THE capercaillie is not only one of the oldest of British birds, but is, perhaps, the handsomest. I suppose that ninety-nine out of every hundred sportsmen—or gunners, if you like the word better—never set eyes on this remarkable bird, which has once been exterminated in our islands, but which was re-introduced at Taymouth and other points in Scotland, and from there has spread far and wide, and this in spite of having everything against him. The capercaillie, which was also called "the cock of the woods" and, we may suppose from its great size, "the horse of the woods"—though this derivation is in doubt—has been extremely badly treated by our game laws. He is

only given the measure of protection which the Wild Birds Protection Act extends—that is, he may not be shot from March 2 to July 31. This is entirely inadequate, and the giant bird deserves better of the laws of his country.

Anyone who has had the experience of a day's shooting in which the occasional caper figured in the bag, will feel a kindness towards him. He causes a great deal of excitement, and when he flashes over some wild fir wood, outlined huge and black against the northern sunset, it needs to be a very quick shot who will account for him. His approach is absolutely silent. He appears and fades into the murk in an instant, but what a triumph when we kill him! The enormous wings close, the head falls forward, as a bird twice as big as a pheasant crashes to earth. A great many tales have been told of the savagery of wounded capers. This is all nonsense. A caper is a shy bird, and when wounded is a clumsy one. My Labradors have on many occasions retrieved wounded capercailzie and have never shown the least fear in picking them up; indeed, a black cock is certainly a more courageous antagonist.

The man who shoots a caper cock, whether it is sailing above the trees or whether he stalks it in the high woods, deserves success, but there are many who have killed caper who deserve it not at all. In early August, when the shooting begins, the shooting tenants go up to Scotland, perhaps a few days before the grouse season opens. What can they shoot? Rabbits, wild duck, if they have them on the ground, and caper, and they do shoot caper at this time, in fact, great numbers are done to death when they are utterly unfit for the gun. The caper hen lays her eggs late and it takes nearly a month to hatch them out, so that it is a safe thing to say that many a young caper has not had many weeks' experience of this world before he may find his wretched fledgling body engaged in weakly flight before the guns. Of course, I do not mean to say that the average tenant of a moor in Scotland would kill caper at this date, at any rate if he understood the situation, but there are a great many tenants who now go to Scotland who know nothing whatever of the real natural history of the game they pursue, and when such as these see a large bird rising slowly into the air before them, and the keeper says "shoot" (for the average keeper is generally an enemy of the capercailzie) they shoot, and even this class of tenant can hardly miss the shot which is offered to him. The reason the keepers are against the capercailzie is founded on their often amazing ignorance of his habits. A keeper has told me that caper do a lot of harm in young woods, whereas really they do no more harm than other birds. Then the keeper, or gillie, firmly believes that the capercailzie drives away other game birds from his neighbourhood, but, even suppose he did, the caper's own haunts are not such as to attract other game, with the exception of black game. He lives in the fir woods on the high hills, even on passes far up the mountains, and surely these last may be given over to the handsomest and largest of his kind. The mass of evidence as to whether the capercailzie really drives away other game birds is very conflicting, and his reputation for doing so has, I think, grown out of the fact that he looks so fierce. But for the most part he keeps himself to himself, and even if he does object to a pheasant or a black cock nesting too near him, he does no more than drive them away.

There is no question that this matter of the season in which the shooting of capercailzie is allowed calls for redress. It would be ten thousand pities if the capercailzie became exterminated once more, as he might, and yet may do. For seventy-six years the indigenous capercailzie died out in Britain, for he is not a bird that bears too much persecution, yet no bird gets more of it, and every year the present state of the law condemns many fledglings to death. Man is a grasping creature, and usually takes what the law allows him. The sporting tenant of the get-rich-quick class naturally concludes that what the law allows him is right. He con-

cludes the game laws have been made by men who understand these things. He does not understand them, though his money enables him to take the choicest mountains of Scotland, and so he shoots, and you find the entry in the Game Book: "140 rabbits, 8 capercailzie," under the date of, perhaps, August 3. Think what sport those capercailzie would have given two months later! The true time to shoot the capercailzie is in the cover shoot. Of course the objection will be at once raised that shooting tenants do not always stay in Scotland for the cover shoot, but many of them stay into October, and in that season it is well worth while to set aside a day on many estates for the chase of the capercailzie alone. On some, indeed, three or four days may be satisfactorily employed. Some tenants go to the other extreme and do not allow any caper hens to be shot. This policy, persisted in, is a bad one, for an old barren hen will do more harm to other birds nesting than a number of fighting cocks.

If the date for the opening of capercailzie shooting was put at September 15, or better still October 1, nothing but good would accrue. As I have said before, the caper hen lays her eggs late, often as late as the end of May, and then she takes between twenty-six and twenty-eight days for incubation: thus the young caper may be only three or four days old on July 1. And on August 1 it is legal, I will not say to shoot, but to do him to death. Is it sportsmanlike? It is much less sportsmanlike than even many sports which have been put down by public clamour.

H. H. P.

HAVARD THOMAS

By D. S. MACCOLL

AT the Leicester Galleries a memorial exhibition of Havard Thomas's sculpture has been brought together, and his early friend and fellow-student, Mr. Clausen, has supplied, in an introduction to the catalogue, a brief account of his career and methods. The man we vividly remember and greatly miss had a form curiously like in some of its traits to his countryman, the Prime Minister, short and stoutly built, a head shining, in black locks and ruddy complexion, with the essential oils of life, bright dilated eyes, a nature genial and companionable, a mind deeply reflecting, and a speech correspondingly slow and weighty. That deep considering mind of his set him apart, as Mr. Clausen has indicated, among the sculptors of his time and country. If he had followed the usual course of his generation he would have limited himself to throwing up figures in clay, modelled from a single aspect of the solid, with a perfunctory attention to one or two more. This model would have been cast in plaster and either handed over to an Italian practitioner to point from and carve in marble, or to the bronze-founder to cast in metal, with little further work upon it beyond the removal of the seams. He would have produced in this way a certain number of busts and statues, chiefly of dead worthies worked up from photographs, with an occasional tribute of a facile sort to the "ideal" as a bait for commissions. Some part he had to take in the fierce sculpture-scrimage for such commissions: what was peculiar to him was his absorption in an immense preparation for the art of sculpture, a recovery of its science and its craft, and he applied himself to this preparation as if life were endless. He was, therefore, the most academical student and teacher of our time in the proper sense of the word, and it was by an irony of fate that professional jealousies excluded himself from the Academy and the chief examples of his research from its exhibition.

The crafts to be recovered were two: that of chiselling in marble, and that of casting, chiselling and filing bronze, so as to give to the metal object its peculiar virtues of surface and finish. To learn these crafts Thomas transplanted himself to the land and as nearly as might be to the time where and when they were exercised:

he had himself born again as a native of Magna Græcia, where marble is quarried, where bronzes are dug up, and where the people retain a free and expressive eloquence of the body. He was saturated in that lore, and knew one curious section of it among the rest, the gesture-language of the Neapolitans. It is a risky thing, he told us, for a tourist to gesticulate in that country: he may be saying the most irrelevant and outrageous things without intending it. Gladstone, for example, habitually employed in public speaking a movement of the hand up over the back of the neck and head which, had his audience been Southern Italians, would have invited a hundred knives to plunge themselves in his breast. Here, then, was a threefold study, of marble, of bronze, and besides these a further double study of the modes of sculpture: of the relief which is half sculpture and half drawing, and of sculpture in the round. Unlike most of the sculptors of his time he drew. The drawings were made for his own purposes in his own fashion rather than for effect as drawings: but when soft elaboration of modelling is absent, as in the study of a child's head called 'Fiorina,' the research of outline emerges and tells.

But his chief research, his contribution to the science of sculpture, was the elaboration of a method for measurement in the solid. He was convinced that this had been a part of the Greek discipline. It was an accompaniment of Dürer's search for a canon of proportions, and the father of modern English painting, Hogarth, touches upon the problem in his 'Analysis of Beauty.' Let it be granted, for the moment, that the problem is simply that of reproducing the facts of the solid human model before the sculptor. Thomas did this by setting up round the living model a system of co-ordinates in the shape of strips of wood and a corresponding system round the sculptured model. By marks on these the exact pose could be determined, its movement recovered, and any point in the solid form established. From a number of such points horizontal sections of the trunks and limbs at different heights were set out, and these sections from head to foot were plotted, for reference, on a sheet of paper, much as we see them in one of Dürer's diagrams. When this had been done a skeleton of the subject was built up in a core of wood, and over this the nicer modelling executed in layers of black wax, very nearly rendering the final effect in bronze. I give a general account of the method: those who worked with Thomas should put on record, with illustrations, the details of his system.

Here, then, was a scientific system of reproduction, differing from a cast in its applicability to movements which a cast cannot cope with. The critic will ask where, in this procedure, the artist comes in? He comes in, no doubt, at the beginning, in the choice of a model and the arrangement of a pose. He comes in, consciously or not, in the reading of infinitely subdivided natural forms. Thomas's doctrine seemed to exclude anything more. One must not, of course, accept an artist's doctrine as exactly corresponding with his practice. Rodin believed himself to follow the fact very closely, and, like Thomas, saw in the Greek sculpture that attracted him chiefly its close naturalness: yet in his work the element of heightening and emphasis is obvious. Thomas's faith, I gathered, was that what would be called a defect in a model was compensated in the subtle natural balance elsewhere, and that the balance must not be disturbed. Yet the lead under which he worked was that of the Greek cultus of the choice athletic figure, the perfect human body, dependent on its own attraction, detached from architecture. By what of close nature and subtle surfaces in his 'Lycidas' comes near to Pompeian bronzes his accomplishment will be measured. The art that is half-sculpture, half-architecture, was not his. But the modern who is aware that sculpture calls for a design beyond itself and in the absence of architecture is disposed to welcome any arbitrary distortion as a merit, has something to learn from this sedulous student of the body.

A BAD PLAY

By JAMES AGATE

AMONG the essays which delighted me as a boy Macaulay's savaging of Montgomery ranked high. Those ireful objurgations breaking on the poet's barren strand were like the high seas of schoolboy August, clearing the holiday promenade. What fun to be a reviewer and wreck the pretentious argosy of the rubbishy freight! I do not think I believed in the sincerity of that "If our remarks give pain to Mr. Montgomery, we are sorry for it." Nenni. Experience had taught me that those who wield the rod wield it *con amore*. When, twenty years later, I re-read the essay, my sympathies had veered. Montgomery did but set down the stuff that was in him. No properer poet was ever puffed. His readers were not "Convened to hear romantic wantons sing." The waters of that poetical well might confess a blameless insipidity, a faint brackishness at their worst. Yet Thomas Babington wrote nothing without motive. I imagine him the squire of spinsters in country depths, sending to the town for the monthly parcel of spiritual light, their shield and buckler against metropolitan silliness and absurdity.

Some such armour I propose this week to don on behalf of playgoers up from the country. This very numerous class has always been guided in its choice of entertainment by two considerations—"what the papers say" and the reputation of the playhouse. When, in the old days, the country clergyman or squire proffered his lady a jaunt to the capital, she would first clap her hands and then beseech her lord to look in the *Times* to see what Sir Henry was giving. Or they would sally forth to the Lyceum without this foreknowledge, but with a faith which was never betrayed. Later they came to trust Sir George at the St. James's, Sir Charles at his own theatre. Latest of all, they gave their confidence to the new management at Wyndham's, "young Mr. Du Maurier, the son of the *Punch* artist, my dear." But Sir Gerald has gone on a holiday, leaving Mr. Vedrenne to produce an adaptation of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's 'Running Water,' a play far, far sillier than that *Ode to Satan* upon which Macaulay animadverted. Let me prevent objection that this is a "crook" drama and must be judged "as such." I do judge it as such. We have no new invention here. The crookedness of 'Jim the Penman' and 'The Silver King' was no bar to the entertaining qualities of these plays. I have doted upon 'Raffles' and 'Bull Dog Drummond.' But a crook play stands or falls by the quality of its ingeniousness, whereas that which amazes me about 'Running Water' is its ingenuousness. Montgomery gave of his best. I cannot believe that Mr. Mason in this play has given of even his second or third best.

Gabriel Strood is a card-sharper who demonstrates his quality to us by the improbable feat of "forcing" cards on a confederate. That the latter is familiar with sharper's tricks is proved by the fact that in less than twenty minutes, in a game of *bézique* at penny points, he fleeces a pigeon to the tune of £400. I use this metaphorical jumble to illustrate Mr. Mason's quaint mixture of matter-of-fact roguery and sentimental psychology. To Gabriel arrives a grown-up daughter whom he has never seen. The knowledgeable Sylvia, documented upon the life led by the adventuress, her mother, at a discreditable Continental spa, fails to find significance in the fact that her father, going by the name of Skinner, is hand in glove with a gang of obvious rogues. Strood—or Skinner—pretends to stand between the pigeon and more merciless plucking. But for him the stakes in that game of *bézique* had been shilling points. Doubtless calculating that this would have meant loss of feathers to the tune of £5,000, Sylvia determines to stand by the poor pigeon, giving temporary *congé* to her mus-

cular, military lover. But it now appears that the pigeon's wealth consists of advances obtained from a moneylender on the security of a reversionary right to £80,000, the fortune of an old uncle aged seventy-three. Jacob objects to his advances being poured into Strood's pocket, and, calling to point out his objection, recognizes in the cardsharp a fellow-convict. They were, it seems, boys at Portland together. In the proper public prison spirit, they agree that seventy-three is but young, that they had better be having hold of that £80,000 and let the interest go. Jacob is armed with a post-obit and an insurance on the life of the nephew. How about putting the nephew out of the way? "Fifty fifty?" counters Gabriel, but the astute Jacob knows not the expression. Strood lures the pigeon to a lonely house, feeds him on dope, deprives him of the stuff which he shakes in his face, hoping to be attacked so that he may commit murder, apparently in self-defence. "Why don't you get a move on?" telegraphs Jacob, heedless as to awkward questions at subsequent "proceedings." But Gabriel is in no hurry. He has disguised the local golf-professional as an under-gardener, and backs him at clock-golf against the pigeon at a pound a hole. Fifty fifty with the under-gardener? (I suggest that Mr. Mason owes the Professional Golfers' Association a handsome apology.) Sylvia is too busy with the telephone to tell us much about her feelings on realizing that her father is a would-be murderer. The telegraph boy entering with the confirmation of the telegram one minute after the telephone message—admirable or else wasteful Post Office!—Sylvia wires her lover to the rescue. "What have you in that bag?" asks Gabriel. "His Majesty's mail!" replies the boy. Whereupon Strood, instead of forcing the young shaver's bag, lets him depart together with all hope of the £80,000. Yet he would still kill the pigeon. But Sylvia stays his hand. Pigeon and she are now rats in the proverbial trap. With the knowledge they possess they cannot, of course, leave the house alive. But somehow we feel that they will. The hoot of a motor-horn, without, a crunch of wheels on the gravel. . . . Will Sylvia forgive her poor old father if he gives up card-sharpping and lives on blackmail extorted from the money-lender? Sylvia will not. Will she if he takes to prospecting or ostrich-farming in South Africa? Sylvia will.

I do not know what stage-experience Miss Edna Best, who plays Sylvia, may possess. Her performance suggests that the amount is small. It seems to me literally artless, and therefore not the business of criticism. As soon as Miss Best has acquired the rudiments of the art of acting, I shall be delighted to put forward an appreciation of her performance. One or two passages suggest that she possesses the beginnings of a sense of beauty, which I hope she will not be deterred by present popularity from developing to the ultimate good of her art. Messrs. Gilbert Hare, Spencer Trevor, Max Leeds, Edward Combermere and Clifford Heatherley—good actors all—will forgive me if I reserve comment upon their art until such time as the dramatist allows them to put on humanity. I may be asked if I wish this play to fail and these actors to be thrown out of employment. My answer is that I am too fond of the theatre and too greatly concerned with the welfare of those engaged in it to encourage the kind of play which, if persisted in, must ultimately drive theatre-goers to the comparative sanity of the picture-house. Let me add that "running water" is the stream to which Sylvia's mother listened before her daughter was born. It has nothing to do with the story. To engage the admirable talent of Mr. Norman O'Neill to write what is therefore accidental music is pure cynicism. "Whence comest thou? From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," was the motto of Robert Montgomery's poem. It is my purpose to ask not whence but when Sir Gerald cometh from his holidaying. Let it be soon, and Wyndham's dignity restored.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

BY A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

IX. THE WANDERERS

NEARLY every country dweller is familiar with the stoat and weasel tribe; but those who are keen observers of these animals know that they seem under a curse of being constantly compelled to change their haunts. In some districts one is not seen for weeks, and then the place is overrun for a time. In a few weeks the main body, as it were, depart, but there are always a few left behind. These may stay for a month or so, and then they go, to be followed by others; that is why I call them the wanderers. Only where they have their young will you be sure of finding them in the same locality with any regularity.

These beautiful creatures (the fur of which is so soft and velvety as to be, in some species, of great commercial value) are persecuted with unrelenting severity, and although I know that occasionally they take young game, chickens and rabbits, how many rats and mice do they kill in return? They are the rat's deadliest foe, and seldom leave the track of their victim until they have sucked its blood.

It is an unwritten law among wood and field workers never to kill one of these creatures, for many a rabbit is killed for them, and, strange though it may seem, they never kill one that is not in good condition. It has been witnessed and published, I believe, that stoats hunt and change districts in packs of twenty or more, and when doing so, nothing turns them from their course. I was told by an old gamekeeper, when I was a boy, that he knew of a man meeting a pack of stoats on the march that instantly attacked him, and that his life was saved by his hat falling off as he was being pursued by them, for they stopped to tear the hat to pieces and so gave him time to escape. The keen sense of smell of the stoat is notorious, as it pursues its victim, which is perhaps fifty yards ahead. Nothing deters it from the trail, even when the wind blows the leaves in all directions after the rabbit has passed. Presently a scream rings out, and when we get into the open glade in the wood—for they nearly always kill their victims in the open—we see them struggling together. The poor rabbit tries by a series of jumps and rolling over and over to dislodge the stoat, fastened at the back of its neck: but all in vain. Its screams grow weaker and weaker, as the stoat bites deeper into the neck, until it severs the spinal cord connected with the brain. If we approach, the stoat runs into the thicket, stands there for a few seconds, then back it comes from an altogether different direction. This often leads to its destruction, for even if disturbed before its prey is secured, back it will come, as if out of curiosity. A stack of wood or faggots is a favourite place for them to nest and rear their young; and I have found them in close vicinity to dwelling-houses. One I knew under a haystack, close to a village, and, fortunately, it escaped notice, even when the seven young ones used to play about quite in the open. Only this year I saw a female weasel bring to her young ones, in the space of two hours, three young rats and a mouse.

The following incident, which I saw a few years ago, will illustrate what wonderful instinct is given to these animals, like all wildings, to enable them to obtain their food. Just at the corner of a large beech wood a single fir tree had been planted, and was about twelve feet high. Under it a blackbird was very busy, searching among the dead leaves, blown there by the autumn

gales, for food. At the moment he attracted my attention, I observed a weasel hunting the hedgerow, about fifteen yards from the fir tree. The ground just here was devoid of undergrowth, as it always is under beech trees. When the weasel got wind of the blackbird it stopped and threw up its nose like a hound. Then I lost sight of it, and turned away on my way home, when the shrieking of the bird called me back. On approaching the spot I observed it struggling its utmost to fly away. But all in vain; it was held down by an invisible force, which proved, on taking up the bird, to be the weasel that had come along a shallow mole-run, and fixed the bird from underneath. How did I know it was the same weasel, my readers may ask? The one I had seen in the hedgerow was marked on the shoulders and down the back with streaks of pure white, which is very noticeable with these animals in winter, as pure white ones have been caught, and the one hanging on the blackbird was marked in exactly the same way. It seemed to me that it knew it could not get near enough to catch the bird across the open ground, and knowing that shallow mole-run, used it for the purpose. Something similar to this incident was witnessed by the old keeper (already alluded to in this sketch), only in an open field. This is but one of the many incidents that show us how perfectly their faculties are developed to meet their needs and how unflinching they use them.

Correspondence

THE PROBLEM OF THE STRAITS

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

THE situation on the Straits of Gibraltar is disquieting, and merits the serious and immediate attention of the British Government. The Spanish campaign for the control of the zone of Northern Morocco allocated to her has been, so far, a costly failure, and public opinion in Spain would welcome its abandonment if that could be done without complete loss of prestige. France has made her occupation of Southern Morocco effective, and rich though she has found the country, she has been disappointed in two respects: the mineral wealth of Morocco is in the northern or Spanish zone, and there is a lack of natural harbours except far south at Casablanca. The Spanish zone, with its wealth, marches on all landward sides with the immense French Protectorates of North West Africa, and its occupation would not only complete them but would give France access to the Straits of Gibraltar, with the fortress of Ceuta to protect her interests and the potential ports of Ceuta and Tangier. France accordingly covets the Spanish zone and will do what she can to get it.

When the settlement regarding Morocco took place it was recognized that we could not let another first-class Power have a base on the Straits, and therefore Tangier and the area surrounding it were "internationalized." The first step taken by France to upset the arrangement and penetrate the Spanish zone has been to acquire, in the name of the Sultan of Morocco, the German and Austrian interests, which, with her former interest, give her control in the International Company which was started before the war to build a port at Tangier and the Tangier-Fez Railway. Thereafter France obtained from the Sultan a concession for the construction of the port and the right to acquire the sole property in it after a short period. The Tangier-Fez Railway will be completed in another year. Inevitably, with French trade flowing over a railway controlled by France to a French port at Tangier, the international character of the Tangier enclave will disappear, and France will only have Spain to deal with to obtain from her by purchase or force the complete control of N.W. Africa and the southern shore of the Straits.

The importance of the Straits to Britain cannot be over-estimated. Eastern trade arrives in the Mediterranean via the Suez Canal. The Black Sea and Caspian trade reach the Mediterranean by the Dardanelles. We take great interest in keeping the Suez Canal and Dardanelles open, but if shipping by these routes and the Mediterranean trade cannot pass the Straits of Gibraltar, Britain must starve.

Gibraltar has been regarded as an impregnable fortress and secure naval base which gave us control of the Straits. The war, however, taught us that this is now a delusion. If Spain were hostile, the rock could be dominated by long-range guns and the dockyard destroyed. In any event, everything that goes on there can be seen and reported from Spain. The rock has been proved useless as an aircraft base. The only effective reply to aircraft is defensive aircraft, and without an efficient air base at Gibraltar not only could an enemy with an air base within one hundred miles destroy the dockyard and town by bombing, but any enemy who could get an aircraft carrier (possibly submersible), within one hundred miles, could destroy it. Aircraft are now necessary for control of the Straits. The later stages of the war proved that shipping escorted by aircraft was practically immune from submarine attack, yet the Straits of Gibraltar were used freely by enemy submarines, largely because there was no suitable aircraft base. Service opinion now regards Gibraltar as a very second-rate base for Britain, and would be glad to see it exchanged for another where there was more room for air stations, manœuvres, and supply.

Spain will never be in complete accord with us so long as we occupy Gibraltar, and with her present difficulties in Morocco would, it is believed, welcome an exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta and her northern Moorish zone. It would appeal to the Spanish people as a means of getting out of an unpopular and costly adventure with prestige, while regaining the Rock which has bulked so largely in her history. The exchange would be greatly to our advantage also. Ceuta is a better naval and military base than Gibraltar. There is space around it for the cultivation of supplies, for manœuvres and exercise, and there is also ample room for air bases out of sight and gun fire from the sea.

The Riffs regard us, as compared with the Spaniards, in a different and more friendly light; although trouble is to be apprehended, we should not experience the difficulties which Spain has had to face. The policy we should adopt is to insist on maintaining the international character of Tangier and to negotiate with Spain for an exchange. There must always be jealousies with regard to the Straits, but such a policy if carried out would minimize them. If we do not adopt a definite and straightforward policy, France will appear on the Straits with concessions from the Sultan and an agreement with Spain. Once she is there a *casus belli* is only a matter of time. If, on the other hand, we adopt such a policy and carry it out, we will earn the gratitude of Spain and prevent France from burning her fingers, while we improve our own strategic position.

The position regarding Tangier is to be discussed with France immediately. Britain must not enter the conference without a coherent policy which links up the future of the Tangier enclave with the other British interests on the Straits, including the destiny of Ceuta, the Riff coast and of Gibraltar. The only real stumbling block is the place which Gibraltar holds in the British imagination. It is regarded as symbolical of British power: we must disabuse our minds of such an idea and realize that what was a great military asset even ten years ago, has now become an expensive and dangerous liability.

A Literary Supplement will be published with next week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Among other important articles will be one on 'Feminine Fiction,' by Arthur Symonds, and an examination of the present position in the publishing trade, entitled, 'Is there an American Book Invasion?'

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

THE FREE STATE AND THE FUTURE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Can Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins succeed in their task of setting up a stable Government in Ireland within the terms of the Treaty? If not, what alternative form of Government will succeed the Free State?

The Provisional Government had its chance of existence in the weeks following the ratification of the Treaty by Dail Eirann, but that chance has gone. It had a majority of Dail Eirann at its command; it had the unanimous support of the Press; it had leaders whose personal influence with the army was high and whose prestige was enhanced by the achievement of a Treaty which was regarded by the bulk of the Sinn Fein party as a decisive victory over its enemies; most valuable of all, it had the good wishes of a vast majority of Irishmen of all creeds and classes who saw in it the first hope of a cessation from lawlessness and strife and a return to the amenities of civilized life. On the other hand it was confronted by the determined opposition of the extreme section of the erstwhile Irish Republican Army. Faced by such a situation it would seem obvious that the first duty of the Government was to disarm the recalcitrant section of the army and thereby ensure the confining of its opponents to constitutional methods of opposition. Had such a course been adopted and immediately followed by an election there is little doubt that Mr. Collins and his party would have been returned to power with a majority sufficiently imposing to enable them to take up with confidence and authority the creation of the Free State.

But once again unhappy Ireland found her leaders wanting at the time of crisis. Where courage and honesty were the two qualities essential, they displayed neither. Instead of explaining and defending the Treaty as a solution of Ireland's problems and a satisfaction of her national aspirations, they sought by ingenious arguments to persuade their supporters and opponents alike that its real meaning was other than appeared in its text, that it was but a stepping-stone to an independent republic. Instead of recognizing their antagonists as implacable and meeting boldly the reality of their attack, they sought to stave off their enemies' malignity by pleading and cajolery. The result of such a policy was as swift as it was inevitable. Their lack of honesty lost them the active support of many of their adherents; their failure in courage, far from placating the Republicans, proved but an incentive to an ever-increasing defiance of the Government.

To-day the Provisional Government of Ireland is a Government only in name. It has no authority and no power. The Republican minority in the army has swelled into a majority which at the first sign of open conflict between the two parties will be further augmented by the waverers whose faith is in the big battalions. It is urged by those who hope for the ultimate triumph of the Free State party that in a free election its representatives will be returned by an overwhelming vote. Such a premise has but an academic interest, since a free election is impossible of achievement. The voice of the Republican gunman is law in Ireland, and any election which may take place will be conducted at the pistol point. Even if an election be held and the Free Staters be successful at the polls, it will help them little since such a contingency will undoubtedly be the signal for an armed *coup d'état* on the part of the Republicans which the Government will be powerless to resist with the resources at its command.

A request to the British Government for armed assistance would but restore the conditions which existed prior to the truce, and would rally to Mr. de Valera the support of a people readily swayed by an appeal to national sentiment. In such circumstances the success of the Free State cannot be regarded as even a problematic solution of the Irish imbroglio; and it is well that we should consider carefully what its alternative is likely to be.

It is certain that the collapse of the Free State will be followed in the first instance by the proclamation of a republic under the presidentship of de Valera. The subsequent course of events will depend largely on the line of action adopted by the British Government. Should the British Government decline to recognize the republic and take active steps to bring it to an end, the waning sections of Sinn Fein will close their ranks and rally to its support. The ultimate outcome of such a situation is difficult to forecast, but it would to a certain extent find its analogy in the second Boer War and might, like that other struggle, prove the foundation of an enduring peace. Presuming the absence of any such intervention de Valera and his colleagues will find themselves faced with the problem of setting up the machinery of Government. Is he likely to succeed where Mr. Collins has failed? It is to be feared not. He will find, like Kerensky, his Russian prototype, that the forces which have carried him to power have passed beyond his control. De Valera is typical of the Bourgeois revolutionary, but that section of the Republican army on which he relies for his power is Red. They have assisted him in his opposition to the Free State because the Free State stood for a central stabilized government. They will destroy the Republic as ruthlessly and for the same reason. Their aim is to establish Soviet rule. That they will succeed in doing so is not a vague possibility, but an imminent danger. Like the Russian Bolsheviks they hold in their hands the armed strength of the country. Already the process of disruption has begun. The south and west of Ireland has largely passed under the control of local military dictators who render only lip service to de Valera. Ireland is perilously near the political insanity which has destroyed Russia.

It is difficult to see whence salvation may come unless the crisis produce its Smuts or its Botha. But it is to be feared that neither Mr. Collins nor Mr. de Valera is capable of filling such a rôle.

I am, etc.,

A. WARDLE

BEAUTY AND MATHEMATICS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There is little doubt of the complete exhaustion of the powers of the critic to write anything more about the fine arts. This explains Mr. D. S. MacColl's excursions into the by-ways of mathematics and the highways of engineering.

If we have arrived at last at that period of the degradation of energy announced by Thomson in 1852 as a law of thermodynamics, when it is necessary to look upon an iron girder bridge as an object of art, we shall ask that the time may soon come when art can "be explained in terms of measurement," or by an algebraical equation. It has been the habit of man from the beginning to designate things in terms of something else. Philologists do not know if sun, moon, star, tree, stone, are the names of gods or things, or yet the qualities of things. This tendency to poetic imagery has enriched literature at the expense of truth; but art, in any of its forms has tended constantly, and particularly in its best form, to the expression of truth. A cursory glance over the numerous histories of civilization would lead a casual reader to suppose that religious and political disputes and destructive dynastic wars had been the mainsprings of civilization, whereas the only real and substantial indexes to the character of ancient societies are to be found in the unearthed remains of

art. Among the thousands of pages of history covering many centuries, I am often amused at such isolated paragraphs as "in this age literature and art flourished," or "painting in oil was invented, and filled Europe with masterpieces of art." (Guizot, 'History of Civilization.') If historians are so indifferent to the real cause of the growth and advance of civilization and hide it under a mass of trivial or fabulous stories, we shall, in the future, be happy if the system is maintained, and art, in the form of engineering, be ignored or expressed in terms of something else. We should never forget that Nature so dislikes the mere mechanism of her work that she hides the skeleton under æsthetic adornments as though conscious of a purpose.

I am, etc.,

J. M'LURE HAMILTON

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Hugh Blaker would be surprised and gratified to know how many artists agree in a general way with his letter published on April 8. He is quite right to condemn the founders' use of stone forms, but the criticism is much too mild, for translation entails a certain amount of intelligent effort. Mr. Blaker is unfortunate in holding up for admiration such an ill-digested piece of work as the Charing Cross bridge. Many of the most beautiful modern things have been made by engineers—the Forth Bridge, the transporter at Rouen, aeroplanes, some ships, motor cars, cranes, etc., and now we are looking forward to wonderful developments in ferro-concrete. The weakness of engineering is that it often stops short at "good enough," and the results must be crude. Only big efforts of big men can reach the highest stage—simplicity. The aeroplane must be simple or it will fail. Standards of taste and of proportion, like all other laws, are set up to keep the rank and file in order. They can never be creative. The artist is he who has the vision, the power and the enthusiasm to weld a thousand aspects of a problem into a perfect whole.

I am, etc.,

1 Woburn Square, W.C.

S. B. CAULFIELD

EVOLUTION AND WILLIAM MORRIS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Does not this correspondence illustrate the fact that no useful criticism of an artist or a work of art, as such, can be made by anyone but an admirer? When one is unable by temperament or education or age (as, for example, an Englishman *vis-à-vis* Racine) to take that point of view, criticism is apt to become a mere expression of a personal attitude.

Thus when a critic says Morris is antiquated, it is but another way of proclaiming his own good fortune in being born some half-century or more after, entering on the result of Morris's life-work without distinguishing his part in creating the atmosphere of the present. When Morris is charged with seeking his inspiration in the past, it is a gravamen which can be urged against all the major poets—non-didactic—of the world. Though how the charge can be made against Morris's later poetry I fail to see. As for his diction in the prose romances, Prof. Saintsbury's opinion may be set against Mr. Golding's.

Mr. Golding, while fully justified in saying there is no major or minor poetry—only poetry, (I presume he does not deny the existence of bad poetry)—is bound to admit the imperfect classification of major and minor poets. Now, according to the consensus of instructed opinion the marks of a "major" poet are, first, mountain tops of perfection (to use Mr. Golding's simile) and, second, the power of sustained expression, in short, bulk of production. The typical example is Wordsworth, the major part of whose verse is without doubt not great poetry. An admirer of William Morris is certainly entitled to point out on his behalf that the second of these claims is met by his work. 'Sigurd' alone is com-

parable in length to the 'Iliad,' while Morris's whole work—translations and original poems—is much longer than the Homeric Canon. For mountain-tops he might point to the poems of the months in 'The Earthly Paradise,' perfect jewels of verse in their way, to the best of 'The Defence of Guenevere,' and to the best of 'Poems by the Way' and 'The Pilgrims of Hope.'

As a matter of fact the late mediæval poems Mr. Golding quotes are not comparable in any way to Morris's work. Occleve's poem runs to five thousand five hundred lines. Lydgate's longer poems, all translations, run about thirty thousand lines each, and his life work is about one hundred and fifty thousand lines, while as an editor of what I believed to be an unpublished poem of Lydgate, I can assure him that his memory has failed him both as to the length of the 'Fall of Princes' and the "vast epics still unpublished." Everything that Lydgate could have written has long been in print.

I am, etc.,

Savage Club, W.C.

ROBERT STEELE

COMPOSERS AND THE NATIONAL OPERA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At the inaugural meeting of the British National Opera at Queen's Hall last summer the Directors announced as the second of their ideals: "to encourage in every way the creation of a British School of operatic art which shall be worthy of the British Commonwealth." By the casting of new, young British artists for principal rôles and by active co-operation with the leading music colleges the Directors have already given evidence that that ideal is being pursued. Now that a London season is at last imminent they desire to afford the native composer some opportunity for studying the technique of stage and opera craft with a view to the writing of operas upon practical lines.

I am directed to request, therefore, that you may be so good as to permit me, through your columns, to invite any British would-be and reasonably qualified opera composer to write to this office expressing his wishes in the matter. Covers should be marked "Education Department."

I am, etc.,

JOHN CUNINGHAME

The British National Opera,
18 Adam Street, W.C.

Verse

THE RAMSHACKLE SAILOR

O RAMSHACKLE sailor, now why do they glisten,
Those eyes that are salt with the tide they unlock?
"They've sighted the land, and the flag's at the mizzen;
On shore, O now listen
The chime of a clock
And waters that glisten and shake to the shock!"

O ramshackle sailor, now why do they twinkle,
Those eyes once again at the sight of old Thames?
"It's happy I am for to hear the bells tinkle,
And see the lamps sprinkle
Their little gold gems
That tumble and twinkle in old Father Thames."

O ramshackle sailor, now why are they twirling,
Those feet that move light as though treading on air?
"O somewhere on land I can hear the loud skirling
Of pipes to the swirling
Of roundabouts there,
Where lasses go whirling and naphtha's a-flare."

O ramshackle sailor, now where are you going
Along the dry causey and all of a grin?
"Who rides on the horses I'd like to be knowing,
And how the wind's blowing
Inside of the inn,
And if a lad's bowing the old violin."

WILFRID THORLEY

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

A MISCELLANY

I CONFESS that the publishing problem is one that puzzles me considerably. We hear continually of high costs of production and the unlikelihood of the cheap novel being re-established. Yet here come Messrs. Collins with an admirable edition of modern novels issued at half-a-crown each, which in paper and type and general form are in no way distinguishable from contemporary novels published at seven and eight shillings. Among those that we have received are 'Dangerous Ages' and 'Potterism,' by Rose Macaulay, 'Kimono,' by John Paris, 'The Black Diamond,' by F. Brett Young, 'Mainwaring,' by Maurice Hewlett, and 'The Ponson Case,' by Freeman Wills Crofts. If such important novels can be published at this price and the authors receive adequate royalties, surely there cannot be much wrong with the publishing trade. In any case I congratulate Messrs. Collins on this series, as well as on their equally admirable illustrated Pocket Classics, and on their general campaign in favour of cheap and good books.

Another enterprise to which I am glad to draw attention is the charming library edition of English Classics now being published by Messrs. Dent. The two volumes which we have received are 'Shirley,' by Charlotte Brontë, and Jane Austen's evergreen 'Pride and Prejudice.' Both are illustrated in colour, one by Edmund Dulac and the other by Charles E. Brock. Type and paper vary according to the length of the stories, but at 6s. net each, the books are honest value, even judged by pre-war standards.

The *Times* distinguished its new literary page the other day by solemnly reviewing the new edition of Mr. Barry Pain's 'Diary of a Baby' (Laurie, 1s. 6d. net), as though it were a new book. I do not like to think how many years it is since I first chuckled over this happy example of Mr. Pain's delightful humour. But I would seriously urge upon him the desirability of issuing a collected and uniform edition of his works. My study shelves are disgraced by the presence of numerous tattered little paper books, the contents of which fall asunder from the covers, and whose pages are so stiff that they crack like cardboard when bent. Mr. Pain is our greatest English humorist; he is really an artist and a man of genius. Yet there is no contemporary author whose works have been presented in so ignoble a form. They are even difficult to procure; and if you ask at any bookseller's shop for any one of the 'Eliza' series, the assistant has probably never heard of it. I beg Mr. Barry Pain to pay attention to this suggestion.

Mr. Fisher Unwin informs me that 'On the Trail of the Pigmies,' which was chosen as prize by the winner of our Chess Competition last week, has already gone into a second edition, which will be ready in a few days. I am glad to hear that even in these bad times a fascinating and scholarly book like this finds its way rapidly to an appreciative public. By the way, I am interested to observe that both winners in this week's Competition have also chosen one of Mr. Unwin's books—'Pasteur and his Work.'

Mr. Sidney Dark has written a pleasant little book about Mr. Wells ('The Outline of H. G. Wells,' Parsons, 5s. net). His modest title was well chosen both for its analogy to Mr. Wells's biggest work and also for its accuracy. A large number of pages are devoted to an able if not peculiarly valuable précis of the works of this prolific writer. Mr. Dark has many interesting things to say, particularly his view of genius, that it is its function to be symptomatic not only of a period but of a people, to whose tendencies it gives expression before they reach conscious collective thought. Thus he finds Mr. Wells a true genius of the English middle classes. He believes it to be Mr. Wells's chief glory that he is honest and courageous, unafraid of changing his

mind in public; and that for this reason he is superior, for instance, to Mr. Bernard Shaw, who goes on saying the same thing over and over again. But I am not satisfied that repeatedly changing one's mind is any proof of superiority of intellect; something might conceivably be said in favour of the man who proves his philosophy before propounding it publicly.

Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole is a much bigger man than his ordinary public realizes. What endears him to them is an adroit formula wherein the primitive drama of sex is mingled in exactly the right proportion with outlandish places and fragrant yet delicate "atmosphere." What endears him to the critic is that everything he does is done extremely well. That he is a literary artist of masterly ability was clear to me from his edition of Villon, and 'The Pools of Silence'—that terrible masterpiece in so different a region of letters—confirmed that opinion. In 'Men, Women and Beasts' (Hutchinson, 7s. net) he has added another piece of art to the small number of works in which his real powers are shown. It is a collection of very slight sketches, all of them extremely clever, all vivid, delicate, full of colour and informed with the spirit of a dozen varied themes. It is a pity that the book has not a better title. It will probably disappoint the devotees of blue lagoons and crimson azaleas, while people who care for Mr. de Vere Stacpoole as a literary artist will probably mistake it for a pot-boiler and neglect it. They will be mistaken.

Guide books ought to be among the most interesting and romantic volumes imaginable; but as a rule they are what we know them only too well to be. I am therefore glad to give a special welcome to a little book published at 3s. 6d., by Messrs. Burrow & Company, of London and Cheltenham, entitled 'Burrow's Guide Book to London.' It is at once a practical and well-written little book, with some quite new features, including an essay by Mr. E. V. Lucas, an admirable section called 'The Children's London,' by Mr. Beresford Stevens, and a most distinguished series of photographs by Mr. George F. Briar, which are beautiful alike in composition and in execution. The book is worth possessing for these photographs alone; and in addition there are good line drawings, clear and excellent plans and maps—and in fact most of the things that one really desires in a guide book and hardly ever finds. I hope that this little volume will have the success it deserves.

The Advocates' Library in Edinburgh was founded in 1682, but ever since the Copyright Act of 1709, by which it became entitled to a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall, it has been very much more than a mere legal collection. It has, in fact, been for many generations past the National Library of Scotland, though the responsibility for its upkeep has rested on the shoulders of the Society of Advocates. When it is considered that this society is quite a small body, numbering some 400, and that the library contains, besides manuscripts and other things, about a quarter of a million printed books, the weight of the burden becomes evident. I think it certain that eventually the State must take over this responsibility, and a first step in this direction has been taken by the grant of £2,000 per annum which has been announced during the past week. The Secretary for Scotland, indeed, states in the letter promising this grant that "the Government regard the constitution of a Scottish National Library on the basis of the Advocates' Library as a public object which it would be highly desirable to achieve when financial conditions permit." It may be assumed, therefore, that not many years will elapse before the Advocates' Library is taken over by the public, and becomes to Edinburgh in all respects what the British Museum Library is to London.

LIBRARIAN

Reviews

PERSIA AND LORD CURZON

Recent Happenings in Persia. By J. M. Balfour. Blackwood. 21s. net.

VERY little about affairs in Persia is known by the public. One reason for this is, as Mr. Balfour states in the Preface to this book, that most of the few people who do know what has been going on are, from the nature of the positions—official or otherwise—which they occupy or have occupied in that country, debarred from publishing the information they possess. To remedy this state of things is avowedly the purpose of Mr. Balfour, for whom evidently no such bar exists. He was Chief Assistant to the British Financial Adviser to the Persian Government for sixteen months in 1920-21, and naturally had opportunities during that time of first-hand knowledge and observation. In the introductory chapters he deals with Persia generally, and has something fresh and informing to say about it. But the main interest of the book is connected with the events which took place during its author's residence in Teheran and resulted in the repudiation of the Anglo-Persian Agreement by the Persian Government. From the literary side criticism is disarmed by Mr. Balfour's frank statement that this volume is his first attempt at authorship, and was written with no object other than to disclose and comment on facts, some of which, he says, if comparatively unimportant from the standard of world politics, yet vitally affect British prestige in the Middle East, with an inevitable repercussion on India and Afghanistan. In his opinion these facts throw an unfortunate light on the "mentality of those responsible for the direction of British foreign policy," and explain "how our prestige, which stood very high at the end of the war in Persia, has practically ceased to exist." He lays the blame at Lord Curzon's door.

When in 1919 it was announced that the Anglo-Persian Agreement had been signed, and its terms were made public, it was widely believed in Britain that the pact would confer great benefits on Persia, while being of some advantage to the Empire, and it was hardly even imagined that the Persians themselves would be other than delighted with what had been arranged. It would not be surprising to find that at that time Mr. Balfour held these views. However that may be, he came to the conclusion, after investigating the matter on the spot, as his book shows, that the Agreement should not and could not be carried out. Although when the Agreement was being negotiated British prestige was at its highest in Persia, and Britain figured before the world as the protector and financier of that country, the Persians, he states, were not convinced of British disinterestedness. One ground for their suspicion was that the subsidies and advances to the Persian Government and to individual Persians, which had been paid during the war by the Foreign Office, were continued after the war was over, and then were regarded as nothing more or less than bribes for the subversion of the national independence. In this connexion Mr. Balfour makes the definite allegation that the three Persian statesmen who signed the Agreement declined to do so till they were paid £130,000, and he declares that "it is impossible to explain away this payment on any straightforward view of the transaction." The Agreement was never ratified by the Mejlis, or Parliament, because it was far too unpopular, though Lord Curzon kept pressing for ratification.

According to Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon made a most serious blunder in ignoring Russia, to whom, it will be remembered, North Persia had been assigned as a sphere of influence by the Anglo-Russian Convention, South-East Persia being assigned similarly to Britain. With the Revolution in 1917, Russia lost control of North Persia, and disappeared from it altogether in the following year. Mr. Balfour's point is that Lord

Curzon seized on the moment when Russia was in the throes of revolution to repudiate the Convention, and to enter on a policy (of which the Agreement was the fruit) deliberately aimed at supplanting Russian influence in North Persia—which all Russians, Bolsheviks included, consider a Russian appanage. Mr. Balfour puts it:

To employ a vulgar simile, Lord Curzon acted exactly like a tramp who steals the clothes of a bather who happens to be in difficulties. If the bather drowns, good and well, but prudence indicates the desirability of being sure of this prior to committing the theft, particularly if the bather happens to be the bigger man of the two. Otherwise the consequences are likely to be somewhat unpleasant for the tramp. In the present case the bather has not only declined to drown, but has in North Persia proved to be the better man, and consequently we have only ourselves to blame if to-day our prestige in Persia stands as low as it is well possible to imagine.

For all this, Mr. Balfour is inclined to think that if the considerable British effort on behalf of Persia, which the Agreement certainly indicated, had been undertaken immediately after the Agreement was signed, the result might have been different; but months passed without anything being done. Any chance there might have been of ratification vanished when the Bolsheviks invaded Persia, and the British forces, acting under orders from home, withdrew before them. "From the date of the Bolshevik landing," says Mr. Balfour, "the Agreement may be regarded as dead, although it did not receive its *coup de grâce* at the hands of Seyd Zia-ed-Din until nearly nine months afterwards." By that time it was known that the British troops were to evacuate the country, and that there was no more British money for Persia. Lord Curzon, however, still pressed for ratification. Of this Mr. Balfour says:

When there was nothing to be hoped for from the British Government, and the ratification of the Agreement could only result in incurring the resentment of the Moscow Government, it would have been pure folly to attempt to comply with Lord Curzon's demands. In such circumstances Lord Curzon's statement that he was the best friend that Persia possessed resulted only in provoking an outburst of fury, derision and contempt throughout the country, where he is considered to be Persia's greatest enemy and would-be oppressor.

MEN OF GREAT PLACE

The Prime Ministers of Britain, 1721--1921. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. Murray. 21s. net.

IT was high time that someone should do for Britain's Prime Ministers what Lord Campbell had done for her Chancellors, and Miss Strickland for her Queens. This book is dignified, precise, interesting, abounding in information, and adorned with portraits of each of the thirty-six Prime Ministers. With no previous knowledge and without reading the text, the observer might, by looking at the pictures, conclude that the only one of the thirty-six gifted with genius was Lord Liverpool. He was Prime Minister for longer than anyone except Pitt and Walpole. His maiden speech was pronounced by Pitt to be the ablest ever delivered in the House of Commons. But, though Mr. John Fortescue and Mr. Cyril Alington have recently done something to restore the memory of this forgotten worthy, we feel that genius is the last gift that could possibly be claimed for this respectable nobleman. Happily for England it was a gift from which most of her Prime Ministers have been free. A perusal of this book brings forcibly home to us the truth of Bagehot's epigram: "Prime Ministers are men of ordinary opinions and very extraordinary abilities."

We wish that Bagehot, or anybody else, could describe as tersely the characteristics of the office of Prime Minister. Officially only the last three First Lords of the Treasury have been Prime Ministers. Walpole was accused of trying to be sole or prime minister; Lord North denied that he himself was any such thing or that it was known to the constitution; and a century later Mr. Gladstone described himself as a person whose name stood first in the latest

commission for the Treasury made out by the Queen. Colonel Bigham omits Harley, Sunderland and Stanhope, whose portraits hang in the Speaker's gallery, and summons the authority of Macaulay, Lecky and Mr. Paul to enable him to found the line with Sir Robert Walpole, and only to include in his book the statesmen whose official residence has been 10 Downing Street. Though the period covered is two hundred years the characters of all these men seem curiously modern and even contemporary. Macaulay, writing in a period of austere political virtue and well-defined party principles, was more easily shocked by the naked and unashamed corruption of the days of Walpole and Newcastle than we of the twentieth century, who feel we have paid sufficient homage to decency by denying a salary to the Paymaster-General and nominally divorcing the office of Patronage Secretary to the Treasury from that of its First Lord. We have been long enough taught to cease to look for political virtue or well-defined party principles for it to be rather refreshing to be reminded that after forty-five years of office the Duke of Newcastle retired having reduced his private fortune from £25,000 to £6,000 a year, and refused a pension. And when we read that the House of Commons was chosen in Lord Rockingham's drawing-room, we cannot but reflect that to-day it is sometimes chosen in places far less respectable.

Every reader of these lives who is interested in history or politics must have his favourites, and we confess that we are unable to emulate the author's admirable impartiality. Nor do we think that his ingenious analysis of Prime Ministers with which the volume concludes really explains by what kind of learning these men were taught, or by what kind of nature they were formed "to move assemblies" and govern the Empire. The book however reveals pretty clearly to us which of the thirty-two dead Prime Ministers we should most like to rule over us at the present time. Our first choice would be Walpole, who finally established Parliamentary government and banished violence from English politics. A little cynical (as who in great place is not?) shrewd, witty, steadfast, an excellent financier, an honest man, a brave leader, Chatham declared him "a truly English minister"; and Johnson likened him to "a fixed star." "He gave Englishmen no conquests," says Thackeray, "but he gave them peace, ease and freedom."

Whose knowledge, courage, temper, all surprised,
Whom many loved, few hated, none despised.

If we could not have the Prime Minister who reigned longest, our second choice would fall on one whose days of power were almost the shortest—Lord Rockingham. He was twice Prime Minister and never held any subordinate office. On each occasion he was called to power at a moment of grave crisis in our history. The efforts of his first administration, though it only lasted one year, would almost certainly have preserved the American colonies "had George the Third possessed common sincerity," as Lord Albermarle puts it. His second administration, which only lasted the few remaining months of his life, was able so profoundly to modify politics that Colonel Bigham says from that time "the bribery of members of Parliament and royal interference in the votes of the House of Commons virtually ceased." Burke has enshrined his memory in a noble epitaph which his successors might well study:

His abilities, industry and influence were employed without interruption to the last hour of his life, to give stability to the liberties of his country, security to its landed property, increase to its commerce, independence to its public councils, and concord to its empire. These were his ends. For the attainment of these ends his policy consisted in sincerity, fidelity, directness and constancy. His virtues were his arts. . . . He employed his moment of power in realizing everything which he had proposed in a popular situation.

In taking leave of a book so deserving of praise we should like to congratulate the author on the sympathy, fairness, understanding and knowledge with which he has dealt with so many diverse characters and so long

and controversial a period of history. He will, however, pardon us if we suggest that his book might have been more useful to the uninitiated reader if his Prime Ministers had been arranged in a more strictly chronological order; and allow us to express surprise that we find no mention in his fairly comprehensive bibliography of Mr. Philip Yorke's monumental *Life of Lord Hardwicke*, or of Mr. Fortescue's 'British Statesmen of the Great War,' or of the equally admirable *Life of Lord Chatham* by Mr. Basil Williams.

LIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT

The Soul of Central Africa. A general account of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition. By Rev. John Roscoe. Cassell. 25s. net.

THERE have been many valuable books on Africa within recent years, but we doubt if any of these shows better workmanship or more scientific insight than Mr. Roscoe does in this volume before us and in its predecessors. They are marked by carefulness and understanding. They show us anthropological interpretation at its best. Mr. Roscoe was a missionary for twenty-five years in Central Africa, and, after he had retired from active service, was sent out as leader of an ethnological expedition prompted by Sir James G. Frazer and promoted generously by Sir Peter Mackie. The object of the expedition was two-fold.

Science requires information with regard to the tribes of Central Africa, whose old habits and customs are fast disappearing under the rising flood of civilization. For the collection of such information the time is now or never, for the only records are in the memories of the people, and a very short time will suffice to sweep them into oblivion.

But secondly, just and wise government must have a basis of scientific understanding, and the same applies to missionary work. There are ideas and tendencies which may be profitably strengthened and developed; there are others which must be left behind. The people often perish for *our* lack of knowledge.

Mr. Roscoe's studies begin with the pastoral people of the Western Province of the Uganda Protectorate—the Bahuma of Ankole. They are not negroes, but Hamitic; they live mainly on milk, some of them never touching meat or vegetables; they are vigorous and genial, the women very fat; the cow and its welfare are their be-all and end-all. Chastity is stringently enforced on unmarried girls, but the head of the house may offer more than his bed to his guest. Polyandry is common and seems to work smoothly. Clan exogamy is enforced: a man must seek his wife from a clan with another totem. There is no question of marriage between one of the pastoral Bahuma and one of an adjacent agricultural tribe.

From Ankole Mr. Roscoe went north to Banyoro, which was in the days of Speke, Grant and Baker the most powerful native kingdom in the lake region of Central Africa. But it has in some degree fallen from its high estate and from its importance as a source of supply for salt and wrought iron. One of its peculiarities is the existence of a middle class of "free men," promoted from the agricultural and artisan class. The king, who used to be allowed only a daily sacrament of meat and really lived on milk alone, has now a meal of meat and vegetables. But no cooking is even now allowed within the royal enclosure. The queen must be a half-sister of the king, but since the present king became a Christian, he has had only one wife. As she is neither his half-sister nor a princess, she cannot be "queen," and that position—one of great importance in old days—is held by another. One is impressed in Mr. Roscoe's narrative with the frequency of the past tense—the idiosyncrasies and puzzles, the picturesque and the whimsical are disappearing. The only consolation is that many of the abominations are vanishing as well. Of course there are still witch-doctors and rain-makers, strange rites and ceremonies, interesting customs that have lost their significance, survivals still in abundance—but all is fleeting. There is no lack of

firmness in Banyoro eugenics. Twins are welcomed, but "should a woman give birth to triplets, she and her children, her father and her mother, are taken to some waste land at a distance, and all of them are put to death." The father of the triplets must never again look upon the king, and to make sure of this his eyes are gouged out.

A useful note, we think, is made in regard to Banyoro missions, that the native pastors and teachers are mostly drawn from the lower classes, and are therefore apt to be despised by their "superiors." Moreover, the training of the secular teachers and sons of chiefs is better than that offered to the native pastors, who, being of the poorer class, are unable to pay for the education given in the higher schools. This works out badly.

It behoves the Christian Church to see that her pastors are not inferior in education and training to the men they are expected to lead. Here it is exceptionally easy for the native mind to draw false inferences, for the superior schools and those which give the inferior religious training are under the control and management of the same mission!

We wish we could follow Mr. Roscoe on his visit to the remarkable chief Kakungulu, who has done great work in establishing some measure of order and goodwill among the Bagesu and other wild people of Mount Elgon. It is a great satisfaction to read a book like Mr. Roscoe's. We get an impression of competence and grip; we breathe an atmosphere of experienced wisdom. And before we close our appreciation we must ask the author what he thinks of the influence of British Government in the Protectorate. Means of transport have improved, of course, and that has aided greatly in the abolition of slavery. But what of deeper things? Are the natives better with us than they were without us? That there is a seamy side everyone knows. Rapid intrusions of civilization have been often upsetting; manners have often deteriorated and morals too; there are difficult problems of labour, local depopulation, and ever-increasing surpluses of women and consequent depreciation. Venereal disease is rapidly becoming as much a scourge as sleeping sickness was a few years ago. Not nearly enough is done to develop the natural tendencies of the people. Mr. Roscoe has wise things to say about all this. He is generous in his appreciation of the work done by the servants of the King. "I am convinced that the Uganda Protectorate can be developed into one of the most important and valuable parts of our Empire."

THE DODECANESE

The Island of Rhodes and Her Eleven Sisters. By Michael D. Volonakis. With an Introduction by John L. Myres, and maps and illustrations. Macmillan. 40s. net.

DR. VOLONAKIS belongs to the Dodecanese, as Rhodes and the eleven adjacent islands are called, and represented his people at the Peace Conference in Paris. In this book, with abundant learning and enthusiasm, he has given us well illustrated details of the islands in modern times, and a summary of their achievements in the past. It is a history complicated in many ways, but archaeological inquiry is now well started and is yielding excellent results. Rhodes, the Island of Roses, is by far the most important of the group, and it has a long and well-founded claim to be pre-eminently Hellenic, though by the Treaty of Sèvres its return to Greek rule is delayed. For the scholar and the historian alike this island has a remarkable attraction. We find in early cult and place-name traces of Phœnician, Egyptian and other non-Hellenic elements. The rite of Hercules, in which the priests cursed instead of blessing, has no parallel in the whole of the Greek mythology. Rhodes, the name of the chief port as well as of the island as a whole, displaced three earlier towns, and it is clear that Greeks ousted other peoples who coveted so agreeable and convenient a centre for commerce. Sea power is vividly illustrated by the importance of

Rhodes for a long term of years. The Rhodians at their greatest rose to a huge population for so small an island. They were never "passively connected," to use Gibbon's phrase, with international movements. Their admirals, both at home and in foreign service, decided many a battle, and their adherence to one side or another did much to settle the balance of power from Egypt to Rome. This little Greek city-state wielded an influence comparable to that of island-empires of to-day. To independence of view the Rhodians added formidable powers of resistance. To besiege Rhodes was like breaking a stone wall, and the account given, mainly from Diodorus and Plutarch, of the siege by Demetrius is full of fighting romance. In two later sieges the Turks found the same desperate resistance.

Dr. Volonakis has a great deal to tell, and his rapid summary is not always easy reading. We look forward to the larger book he promises. Generally he shows a thorough knowledge of the authorities, such as the unduly neglected historian Polybius, and varies history with agreeable legend. We do not object to an occasional sententiousness—a relic, perhaps, of the famous rhetoric of Rhodes—as where "the fierce spirit of Cato" is said to have "rejoiced in the dark-walled home of Persephone" at the destruction of Carthage. But some of the writing could have been improved by a competent English hand. Also various forms of names which are not English at all should have been altered. For instance, the tyrant of Athens whom Harmodius and Aristogeiton slew is called "Hipparch," as if he were a mere cavalry general. "Hipparchos" or "Hipparchus" he is from Herodotus downwards to modern English. The curious epigram about the wickedness, or possibly cowardice, of the Leriens is rather spoilt by overdoing the simple Greek. We do not gather whether the book is a translation or not.

Apart from its naval distinction, the Dodecanese was celebrated for its climate and manufactures, its artists, its athletes, its rhetoric and its visitors. Æschines, Cæsar, Cicero and Cassius, and Tiberius all stayed there. Theocritus celebrated the birth of Ptolemy Philadelphus in Cos. Cicero studied oratory in Rhodes, and probably exaggerated the merits of the Rhodian rhetoricians. The summary account given is somewhat vague. If Æschines began the teaching, we prefer to think with Dionysius that Hyperides was the main oratorical influence. Here, as elsewhere, brevity tends to obscurity, but Dr. Volonakis has put into one book the material for three or four. The variety of interest is extraordinary, with the Colossus, the Knights and the famous dragon at Rhodes, Hippocrates and Apelles at Cos, and St. John at Patmos. Dr. Volonakis is the first man to bring it all together with a versatility that reminds us of the old Athenian ideal. Prof. Myres, who knows the Dodecanese well, has added a charming Introduction. He just touches on a point that must strike the ordinary reader at once. The islands for the most part fringe the coast of Asia Minor, but this connexion, though under-rated by Prof. Myres, hardly counts in their history. They were, as Cicero said, "a fringe on the robe of barbarism."

THE FALSE UTOPIA

The Land Question Solved. By Robert Murray, with a foreword by Robert Smillie. Labour Publishing Company. 2s.6d. net.

THE desire to write ignorant and *a priori* theories about the land is perennial in a certain class of mind. That the landed system in this country needs reform is certain. Simple land registration is an obvious need. Even the most reactionary and impenitent obscurantist can scarcely be in love with the ninety-nine years' lease. The landlord of town property is not in all circumstances a benefactor to the community. The lawyer is too necessary and too powerful owing to the accumulated complications of a feudal history. To give a particular instance the

writer of this review spent, over a small purchase of land, six times the value of the plot in legal fees. Abuses there are in number; but the way to cure them is not to publish ignorant clap-trap about rural conditions. Mr. Murray, doubtless an earnest reformer, proclaims on an early page of his little essay, "I assume that the land as a whole is presently (?) rented at its utmost limit of value." Now, if one thing is more certain than another, it is that farm rents in England are low, in many cases ludicrously low. Over vast areas of Britain the rent on land and houses is not enough to pay a decent percentage on the buildings alone. As a very able agent and agricultural professor said of a large Lincolnshire property, "I reckon that either all my land or all my buildings are let for nothing. The rent only pays for one or the other, not for both." More than this. Wherever land is rented very low, there the farmer's tendency is to farm low. He can diminish risk and trouble by avoiding anything the least intensive, by paying as few labourers as possible, and by tilling as little land as possible. For many years we have been undersold in the home market by Dutch and Danish farmers, who pay higher rents and at least as high wages as our farmers. An eminent Dutch engineer, now in England, has been so deeply struck by this that he thinks the only hope for England is much higher rent, enforcing farmers to high cultivation. However this may be, it is pitiful and ludicrous that a thoughtful person should bring forward, as a divine solution of the land problem, the proposal that all rents should be lowered to nine-tenths? Such puerilities could only be produced in a community whose perspective is spoiled by residence in towns and broodings on the state of urban populations. There is no analogy between the town landlord and the country landlord. Unearned increment and unearned decrement need quite different remedies.

Mr. Smillie, who writes a preface, produces the old, old assertion that "one-fifth of Scotland is turned into a deer forest," with the implication that it ought to be "opened up to wealth-creating labour." The truth of course is, that no one can be induced to cultivate the land; and the only method of using it at all is to let it for sport. There is no living Scottish landlord who would not vastly prefer to till his acres, if anyone would undertake the job, or if he could afford the costly experiment. We all wish more power to the elbow of anyone who can restore productivity to British acres, but the solution does not lie in petty negations, such as Mr. Murray's, or meaningless charges such as Mr. Smillie's. This Utopia is true to the derivation of that misused word, which means—the schoolmasters used to tell us—not a perfect place, but a place that does not exist. Land nationalizers, like other reformers, will never reach their ideals if they refuse to begin with the truth. The truth about rural England to-day is that the land is under-tilled because no one can find a means of making production pay. The landlord and farmer are losing, not making money, though the labourer is receiving a beggarly wage and rents are uneconomically low.

THE DRY-FLY IN SCOTLAND

Dry-Fly Fishing. By R. C. Bridgett. Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.

MR. BRIDGETT feels some natural anxiety lest the title of his new book should prove intimidating to the angling reader, who may be more than a little weary of the dry-fly purist, the Hampshire water-meadow, its limited coterie and its gilt-edged trout.

But the author should have added "in Scotland" to his title and thus secured himself against all such risk. For in truth his book breaks entirely fresh ground; while those who followed Mr. Bridgett in his delightful wanderings 'By Loch and Stream,' will pick him up

again with the assurance of finding both a cheerful companion and a thoroughly competent workman.

There is nothing arrogant, nor dogmatic, nor patronizing about this author as a dry-fly exponent. In fact he is quite painfully unorthodox, emboldened thereto, no doubt, by his success over the wide area of varied and mostly hard-fished waters that comprise his spacious beat, and incidentally perhaps by rubbing shoulders with fellow anglers of all degrees in that most trout-fishing region upon earth. He even goes so far as to deem it an impertinence for the followers of one method to prescribe what others should use to justify their sporting existence! He laughs too at the superstition encouraged by most dry-fly writers, apparently to intimidate the tyro and exalt themselves, that this particular method implies any supreme achievement. All a pose and a delusion, declares this candid critic. It is actually easier for an inexperienced adult to graduate as a dry-fly than a wet-fly expert. For the instinct which directs the fly to the spot where hidden but expectant fish are lying is only acquired to perfection in youth. He ridicules also the shibboleth of only "fishing to a rise." For in northern rivers you might sometimes wait all day for one, whereas the author has often taken a good basket from an apparently lifeless stream by laying his floating fly with the acquired instinct of a wet-fly practitioner and that too on days when a sunk fly is useless. But we can fancy the culmination of the chalk-stream prophet's horror on learning that Mr. Bridgett generally uses two dry-flies on his cast, though we must leave the reader himself to follow the author's cogent reasons for this preference and his many practical illustrations of its success. The dry-fly has, to be sure, been used for some time by many Scottish anglers, but Mr. Bridgett is the first of them to come out and tell the Scottish public how the trick is done on their home waters. Though our author illustrates his method and execution in both success and failure on all varieties of water, lochs, tarns and streams, those two noble rivers Clyde and Tweed are naturally in high favour for his present purpose. Probably a dozen hooks pass over each of their wily fish for one envisaged by their rather heavier but less lively fellow in his chalk-stream preserve. But what trout they are! The rise, the strike, the pull, the scream of the reel and the leap of the three-quarter-pounder, so far away under the opposite bank that it hardly seems to have any connexion with oneself, are almost as one movement. The author is a keen entomologist and his treatment of the natural insects and their development is clear, simple and practical, illustrated by a page or two of well-coloured plates, while many alluring photographures of notable waters greatly embellish an altogether admirable book. The mysteries of "drag" are also illustrated by a series of diagrams.

THE LAST OF THE EDWARDIANS

The Torch-Bearers. By Alfred Noyes. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

AN essay in Mr. Roger Fry's 'Vision and Design' marked the beginnings of our present revival of Victorianism. Mr. Walter Sickert had already drawn attention to the æsthetic value of those cases of glazed artificial fruits which decorated the mantelpieces of our grandmothers. Painters like Etty and Frith were returning into a favour so long fallen from them. And the Victorian poets, advancing cautiously in parallel formation, were at the same time ousting the most dadaistic vers-libristes from the bosoms of the young courageously. It was dangerous, of course, but there was a wild magnificence in declaring that Browning was really rather a better poet than Mr. F. S. Flint. And now a new hazard lies before the adventurers. It may be a premature, even a foolhardy, announcement, yet there are signs that even the ignored Edwardians are coming into their own. The discovery may shortly be made that Stephen Phillips's

'Christ in Hades' has more true poetry even than Mr. Theodore K. Wattle's latest masterpiece out of central Louisiana.

Mr. Alfred Noyes's venture into the epic spaces will considerably assist the process. In half a decade, Mr. Rickword and Mr. Porter, or whoever will have superseded them as *les jeunes*, will be hopelessly old-fashioned. To praise 'The Torch-Bearers' of Mr. Noyes (we are as yet given only one of its three intended sections) will indicate a keen modernity of outlook. But whatever its vicissitudes, 'The Torch-Bearers' will remain the last and the best—if it abides by its present promise—of the Edwardian poems. It does not oscillate, like much Georgian poetry, between violent extremes; nor, like Georgian poetry of an opposite school, does it drone contentedly along one drab-level. Its general conception is spacious and its detail beautifully executed. It is eminently readable, so that those to whom the readability of a poem is a phenomenon gravely to be suspected, will betake themselves in all haste to the incoherent utterances of more dynamic writers.

In its general technical quality, 'The Torch-Bearers' belongs to that complacent age which extends from the death of Lord Tennyson to that shocking moment which gave birth to 'The Everlasting Mercy.' Its blank verse is never padded out and is always melodious. It seems likely that much of this poem was written during the war, and if the accusation is made against Mr. Noyes that the large suave movement of his poem is not quickened and distorted by the agony of those times, he might well quote the example of Jane Austen at a similar epoch, or Condorcet writing so evenly under the shadow of the guillotine. In theme no less than in manner is Mr. Noyes eminently Edwardian, a foster-child of the Laureate. The conception came to him, characteristically, on the night he was "privileged to spend on the Sierra Madre Mountains, when the first trial was made of the new 100-inch telescope." 'The Torch-Bearers' of this first volume are the 'Watchers of the Skies'—Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, William and Sir John Herschel. Mr. Noyes has told their stories with great ease and fluency. He has found not only that their lives were, in some cases, connected by links of real event, as if deliberately by some genius of Unity, but that their recorded association with poets and poetry assisted him considerably to bind their histories into a whole. Tycho Brahe and Kepler, for instance, wrote a large number of poems, whilst the visits of Sir Henry Wotton to Kepler and of Milton to Galileo were of obvious value in the hands of so eager a craftsman.

If Mr. Noyes never attains a formidable height of poetry, it is impossible not to admire his ease and ingenuity. It is these very qualities, however, which make his incidental lyrics so flaccid, and which account for Mr. Noyes's present lapse from the reverence of our strenuous age. And when at the end of this volume the planets and the sun lyrically come une together, it is as if Faustine and Dolores and the anæmic ladies of Swinburne's poetic acquaintance arose to lament in harmony around the grave of the dead poet, in melancholy and impeccable quatrains.

LAW FOR LAYMEN

The Spirit of Our Laws. By Herman Cohen. Second Edition. Cambridge: Heffer. 9s. net.

IT was said not long ago by a judge well known for forcefulness of expression that "it is impossible to know all the statutory law and not very possible to know all the common law," and we confess that we see no reason to differ from his lordship. In the first edition of this work, published some fifteen years ago, it was claimed that "this is the only book in English which endeavours to describe in popular language for laymen the whole fabric of our legal institutions," and in the present edition the author, in our opinion

very properly, repeats the claim, substituting however the word "practice" for "institutions." In justification of his attempt he quotes a story told in the early days of arbitration, when its object was little understood. "Call that arbitration?" said a workman; "why, they give it agin me!"

There is no doubt that a great number of people, other than lawyers or litigants, take a keen interest in all that pertains to the administration of the law, but the actual study of law is rarely pursued by any but those proposing to practise in the courts, and the consequence is that the views of the general public upon legal matters are, to put it mildly, very inexact. A newspaper rarely gives more than a descriptive report of any case, the exact point of the case is probably missed altogether, and the ordinary journalist usually has but a vague idea of what is, or is not, "evidence." Consideration of the exact meaning of words, and accuracy of statement, so essential from the strictly legal point of view, are almost resented by non-legal persons. Again, public opinion is apt to confuse questions of law with those of morality, and Mr. Cohen, while candidly admitting that the morality of the law is low, explains how it is that legal procedure cannot deal with many idiosyncrasies of conduct which appear to be ethically wrongful.

To describe in popular language the multifarious intricacies of law and legal practice is an ambitious task, but Mr. Cohen has to a great extent successfully accomplished what he set out to do, and has presented in an interesting form a subject which is usually deemed dry and technical. Some of his stories of the curious results, in past times, of inexactitude in pleading will surprise those of his readers whose knowledge is confined to latter-day procedure, but one cannot help noticing that Mr. Cohen, who is well known as a legal historian, speaks in somewhat regretful strain when referring to the more logical and common-sense practice of to-day. Indeed, in one part of the book the author appears to lament the disuse of the jargon at one time necessary in framing criminal charges or indictments, but with such a view we cannot agree. The Indictments Act 1915 has, in our opinion, effected an admirable reform by authorizing the use of "ordinary language" in such documents.

The practising lawyer will find many useful hints in this book, and the lay reader interesting explanations of much that appears puzzling in the administration of our statute and common law.

MAKING A FRONTIER

A Difficult Frontier. (Yugo-Slavs and Albanians). By Henry Baerlein. Parsons. 6s. net.

IN this outspoken book Mr. Baerlein brings his thoroughly competent knowledge of the Balkans to bear on the vexed question of the boundary line that should be established between Yugo-Slavia and Albania. Probably not many people in Britain are interested in this subject, but it is none the less of very considerable importance to the peace of the world, because there is wrapped up in it the struggle for the Eastern Adriatic which is still going on between the Italians and the Yugo-Slavs, as is shown by events in Fiume, which may one day lead to war. The book therefore deserves to be read much more widely than its title would appear to indicate. In the course of the narrative, which is always briskly and sometimes entertainingly written, Mr. Baerlein describes the Albanians as "not a people but tribes," constantly fighting among themselves, and consisting of "one and a half million of wild children"—so low is their culture and undisciplined their notions of government. He declares that he takes "no risk whatever in asserting that a free united Albania is in the immediate future quite impossible." It will thus be seen that he holds a much less favourable opinion of the Albanians than does, for instance, Miss Ethel Durham, whom indeed he accuses of "flagrant partiality" in her latest book, 'Twenty Years of Balkan Tangle.'

Mr. Baerlein esteems Sir Charles Eliot a better authority; but it must be pointed out that more than twenty years have passed since Sir Charles wrote on Albania.

Three Serbo-Albanian frontiers have been marked out since Albania became an independent State. The first, that of 1913, was traced at the London Conference, and was not just to Serbia owing to the influence of Austria. Mr. Baerlein states, quite correctly, that this frontier was laid down by Austria for the express purpose of thwarting the Serbs and facilitating Albanian raids on Serbian territory. Strategically it was an untenable line for the Serbs, and in 1918 General Franchet d'Espèrey, then Allied Commander-in-Chief in the Balkans, admitted this, and drew a temporary boundary line which permitted the Serbs to advance some miles south—to the Drin and to the top of the mountain range instead of being well below its foot, where they could easily be attacked. "Nobody with knowledge of the Albanians could regard the 1918 frontier as unnecessary," comments Mr. Baerlein; and even the Albanians themselves were inclined to acquiesce until they were stirred up, as he frankly says, by Italy. This resulted in the fighting that eventually led to the invocation of the Council of the League of Nations by Mr. Lloyd George, and the assignment by the Ambassadors' Conference in November, 1921, of the third frontier, which, with some small rectifications, not all in favour of the Serbs, is that of 1913. When it was reported in the papers last autumn that the Serbs had invaded Albania, much sympathy was expressed for the "hapless Albanians." Mr. Baerlein denounced the action of Mr. Lloyd George and of Mr. Fisher, who represented Britain in the Council, as the truth was that the Serbs did not advance beyond the frontier of 1918, and were not the aggressors. How was it, then, that the Ambassadors' Conference came to its decision to reinstitute the bad frontier for the Serbs of 1913, Mr. Baerlein asks, and his reply is sufficiently suggestive:

For a long time the European Press had been publishing telegrams which told how the Serbs were ruthlessly invading Albania. Had they advanced about half the number of miles with which they were credited, they would have found themselves near the offices of those Italian Press agencies.

A FAVOURITE BREED

Terriers. By Darley Matheson. With thirty-one illustrations of typical dogs. The Bodley Head. 7s.6d. net.

SOME twenty distinct breeds of terrier now claim separate treatment on the show-bench and a place in the dog world. One or more most lifelike illustrations of each and all of them form quite a vivid procession through Mr. Matheson's instructive pages. Indeed, these well-displayed types would alone almost make the book worth owning to ordinary dog-lovers, who have no concern with the show-bench, the fox earth or the rat-pit, but like to identify this or that breed at sight and feel reasonably knowing on the subject. And never, surely, have dogs been so much in evidence among the well-to-do as at the present time. Within the memory of many of us the 'Scotch' and the 'Skye' (markedly diverse types), the 'English Black-and-Tan,' the 'Fox' and the 'Bull' terriers were almost the only recognized breeds, till one went north and encountered the 'Bedlington' and the 'Dandie-Dinmont.' But, always, all over the country were local types of terrier, generally wire-haired "varmints" bred for definite use with fox, otter, badger, or rat, and identified with this or that hunt, sportsman, or country-house. The Welsh terrier, for example, was vaguely associated with the Principality, till stereotyped from many varieties bred there for use. It was much the same with the 'Yorkshire,' long since stereotyped and now "gracefully collapsed into a toy." The modern Airedale again, Mr. Matheson writes, was bred within memory from a local type and an otter hound. Most significant, perhaps, and popular of all these made breeds, is that one originating with the late Captain

Edwards on his estate of Sealyham in Pembrokeshire, the several portraits of which are among the most attractive in the book. But it is not merely the origin of the various strains that the author deals with. For he handles the whole question of breeding to type with a view to practical work, an object with which fashion and the show-bench are by no means always in accord. The fighting qualities too which recommended certain strains to a former generation are now at a hopeless discount with most dog-owners, and for obvious reasons. But if their original mission in life, with all these terriers, has been so often lost sight of for lack of opportunities, their more important one as the staunch friend and companion of man is more in demand than ever. It is pleasant too to think, since health is the chief essential to the happiness of our canine friends, what immense progress has been made in all matters pertaining to their sanitary requirements. And to this good end the many excellent books on dogs published of late years has contributed no little.

Fiction

SHORT STORIES

People. By Pierre Hamp. Cape. 6s. net.

Short Shipments. By Elinor Mordaunt. Hutchinson. 7s.6d. net.

The Confessions of a Well-Meaning Woman. By Stephen McKenna. Cassell. 7s.6d. net.

ALTHOUGH it gave us some true pictures of life, *Gens* revealed no very remarkable imaginative power, depending for its effect on a style which was always admirably precise, terse and happy. Style, however, has "gone west" in the English version which is now presented to us; and quite a long way west, too, it would seem, judging from such expressions as "cutie" for darling, "waist" for blouse, and "coach" for perambulator. Nor is this loss of form all that M. Hamp's stories have to endure. The translator at times clearly does not understand the original. There are at least two instances in which a sentence is given the exact opposite of its real meaning, and many in which the sense is hopelessly obscured. Some of these mistakes are unpardonably stupid. A man is thrown from his horse in Seville, breaking his leg in his fall; and, instead of being taken to the house of relations, he prefers, we are asked to believe, to be carried to an hotel in Madrid, about two hundred and fifty miles away. It should, of course, be the Hôtel de Madrid. In another sketch, a boxer clinches; but here we read that "Jef tied himself in a knot," surely a very rash and difficult feat to attempt during the course of a fight. Again, the French slang and oaths are represented by utterly unsuitable English words; as, for instance, where a street-boy, playing off a "sell" on a priest, uses a dirty word, for which our schoolboy equivalent would be "sucks!" or "sold again!" the translator can do no better than "Oh hell!"; while in another passage he turns an enraged workman's "Nom de Dieu!" into an innocuous "For God's sake!" These things may seem small, but they make nonsense of the book. One has become resigned to a translation being devoid of the graces; but one has the right to expect it to be moderately accurate. If this is the best that can be done for M. Hamp, it would have been wiser to have left him alone. He is not a sufficiently enthralling story-teller to survive this mishandling. We may add that all the tales are given in this version except 'Madame Emma,' which we agree that it would be difficult to include.

If M. Hamp holds manner to be more important than matter, Miss Elinor Mordaunt clearly does not subscribe to his opinion. As her publishers point out, the range of subjects treated in her new collection of tales is surprisingly varied, and she taps many sources in her search for stories to delight her readers. She challenges Mr. Wells in the laboratory, Mr. Burke in Limehouse, Mr. Conrad at sea, we might almost say Sir

James Barrie among the Russian ballet-dancers. She decks herself in the evergreens of the supernatural and in the faded blossoms of a bygone sentimentality; not disdaining, for example, the elderly subject of the theatrical clown whose painted face hides a broken heart. We trust we shall not be considered ungrateful if we say that this extreme versatility is not always attended with the success that it deserves; and that possibly the author would do herself more justice if she discovered her limitations. It may be definitely said that the Early Wells manner does not suit her at all. Neither the history of the return to life of the primeval man, nor that of the Chinese scientist's needlessly complicated revenge, impose for a moment on the reader's credulity, or arouse any sense of horror; although the first of these sketches has quite a poetical feeling about it in the first page or two. The Russian ballet fantasy, too, misses the mark of humorous delicacy at which it aims; and the Skipper's Yarn, for all its fore-topmast-staysails, dog-watches, ditty bags, and other saline ingredients, does not strike us as the "real thing." The author is more at home either in a vague mysticism, such as she uses for her first tale, 'The Fountain,' or in the unsparing naturalism of some of her East London stories. Nevertheless we can applaud Miss Mordaunt's intention, if not always her achievement, for she certainly keeps hold on our attention. As a minor point we should have preferred her to have been a little less reminiscent in certain particulars of other writers. We could have spared the tap-tap of the horrible blind man's stick, particularly in a story which also contains a talking parrot. "Swearing blue fire," we found ourselves murmuring, "and none the wiser, you may lay to that."

'The Confessions of a Well-meaning Woman' hardly come under the head of short stories, perhaps, in the strictest sense, being a series of monologues on her family history, delivered by Lady Ann Spenworth to a confidential friend. But each of them deals with some incident which is fairly complete in itself, and they may be conveniently considered here. Lady Ann had married the younger son of a rich house, and enjoyed what she considered to be an income wholly inadequate to her dignified needs. Most of her recorded speech is concerned with her grievances against an unaccountably antipathetic set of kinsmen, and with her schemes, generally futile, to improve her financial state. Regarding herself as one of the last survivors of a great type of English lady, she was, in fact, as detestable an old woman as can be imagined, grossly selfish, devoured with snobbery, a mischief-maker, envious, dishonourable, both mean and greedy. Mr. McKenna presents her wickedly well, and is highly successful in keeping up the impersonation of the supposed speaker, although once or twice the effects are too broad, or the male peeps out, especially in descriptions of pretty women. But her conversational manner, with its unconscious repetitions, its stupid catch-phrases, its tags of French, its mixture of pomposity and fashionable colloquialism, and its underlying ignobleness of thought and feeling is wittily caught. She can give us, too, a vivid description of her associates; and, even in the distorting mirror which she holds up, we get recognizable images of her roaring, loose, genial brother-in-law, her ineffectual husband, her wretched little cad of a son, and all the rest of them. Perhaps before we turn the last page we have had rather a surfeit of the machinations and perverted views of so base-minded a hag; or perhaps we should have enjoyed the book more if we had read it off and on, instead of at a sitting. This is not one of the author's ambitious efforts, but it is clever and amusing in its cynical way.

The Age of Consent. By Evelyn Fane. Cape. 7s. net.

WE have made a profound discovery. The New Psychology appears to have reached the consciousness of the gifted ladies and gentlemen who furnish the *Bow Bells* novelette order of fiction, though

in the example before us it is at a somewhat more expensive cost than usual. We do not quite know whether romantic Mary-Jane will be pleased to have an extremely curious and somewhat original personage termed "The Psychologist," in place of the wicked and fascinating Count from Spain with his glittering teeth and the rest. But we hasten to assure her that any little drawbacks of that kind are amply compensated for in the pages of the astounding volume called 'The Age of Consent,' wherein the publisher informs us, with what some purists might consider a disregard of philology, that "the authoress has developed her drama with extraordinary frankness and boldness and yet with extraordinary delicacy."

The choice of the title is one of the numerous proofs of delicacy that are to be found on almost every page. But the reviewer, notwithstanding this hint, finds his task a bewildering one. As he turns over these pages, extraordinary, though not quite in the sense indicated on the cover of the book, he finds himself in a world that has not the remotest resemblance to reality, or indeed to any world interpreted by good-class fiction, or to anything known, except in Lyceum melodrama. In this world there is a virgin ignorance alike of art and life and grammar, a jumble of catch words and ideas floating about, with confused and misused recollections of what are usually referred to as "unsavoury" cases, that suggest Bedlam rather than any place with which most of us have any acquaintance. We are introduced to a company which includes the Prime Minister, Sir Louis Nixon, "an important unofficial adherent of the Government," a "leading Counsel of the Bar," a Bishop and of course the "Psychologist," who all talk with a simplicity and a disregard of the ordinary rules of syntax, that would be a little over-emphasized in the mouth of a young housemaid, till one's brain reels to arrive at the solution of the problem. Is it a subtle form of burlesque?

"Do you like being a model?" asks Sir Louis of the heroine.

"Sometimes," Pamela said.

"I have not met many," Sir Louis added.

"I shouldn't think so," Pamela answered smiling.

Sir Louis felt flattered that she was taking an interest in him.

"Why? Who do you think I am?"

Pamela was feeling very much at her ease. "Oh, something important, I expect, something to do with the Government."

"If," we are told, Sir Louis "had not for thirty years studiously practised self-control he would have started; Pamela's guess was an accident, but it was a remarkably good one."

"And people who have to do with the Government don't meet models, I suppose?"

"Not as a rule, I should think."

"It's their loss," Sir Louis said gallantly.

He then decides he "ought to see Pamela safely home."

This first-class conversation, intended to illustrate the talk, intellect, taste, judgment, etc., of a man of the world, is a fair sample of the authoress's knowledge of how "gentlemen" connected with the Government talk on occasion. But unfortunately it is not possible to regard this performance as a crude effort at burlesque. Nor is it possible, as might be thought, to entertain the idea of propaganda. We must leave the problem to our readers.

The Chronicles of Rodriguez. By Lord Dunsany. Putnam. 7s.6d. net.

THE writing of a picaresque novel requires, to an extraordinary degree, the qualities Lord Dunsany does not possess. The convention of the high-born, dream-stricken knight and his lowly genial squire was adopted to give the author an opportunity to comment energetically and humorously on all sections of society. Their joint adventures were not an escape from society, but an attack upon it, as it were, along two converging lines. Lord Dunsany deals thinly and mildly with a congregation of shadows. He has set his 'Chronicles

of Rodriguez Trinidad Fernandez Concepcion Henrique Maria—Lord of Arguento and Duke of Shadow Valley,' in a Golden Age of Spain. Rodriguez is left by his dying father with a sword and mandoline for sole legacy. With these he sets forth to win a castle in Spain and a lady who shall be its mistress. The first castle he achieves is no less illusory than most castles built upon the Spanish pattern. The second arises in a month at the bidding of the King of Shadow Valley, whom Rodriguez saves from hanging at the hands of the "Garda Civil." It was an undignified predicament for the first introduction to the reader of a monarch who later is represented as so mystical and portentous. For one moment Lord Dunsany touches a sort of proleptic reality by declaring how men said of gunpowder—then newly introduced into an age hitherto left dateless—that it meant the end of war. How could men stand against it? Would it not slay a foe-man, none knowing who slew him? But for the rest this robust form of writing fits very loosely upon Lord Dunsany's tenuous shoulders. Chronicles such as these demand a raciness, an instinct for the crude gross earth, which are lacking from these lily pages. It is not enough for Lord Dunsany to assure us so frequently of the pungent belly-wisdom of Morano, Rodriguez's squire. We must, as we do not, see it in action. Morano's pallor fills us with a nostalgia for the villainous exuberance of Nash's Jack Wilton. The frequent addresses to the reader with which these narratives are strewn strip them of their last vestige of reality.

Abdication. By Edmund Candler. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

A NOVELIST is entitled to his politics, but the reader is not less entitled to demand that the main political idea of a novel shall be worked out in the story, established or exposed as an idea valid and beneficial or false and injurious in the state of society depicted by him. Here, and here alone, we have ground for complaint against Mr. Candler. The central idea of his Indian novel appears to be that, having gone so far with the Montagu-Chelmsford experiment, Great Britain must speedily complete the development towards a self-governing India. His chief character, evidently intended to be the spokesman of the sanest British opinion on Indian affairs, is a journalist never weary of urging that any risk, even that of general internal conflict in India, is worth taking in order to remove the cause of race-hatred against the British. Let us abdicate, he says in effect, since we can neither govern India in the old way nor complete the constitutional experiment by deliberate concessions nicely timed and proportioned to the growth of unity and political capacity among Indians. Well, but the idea reiterated in conversations throughout the book is not worked out in the story, which ends rather weakly and irrelevantly in the expulsion of the philosophical journalist from his editorial chair and his disappearance, perhaps to become a new Waring, among the more peaceful tribes of the north-eastern Indian frontier. Nothing happens to show that the elimination of the British would either remove or increase race-hatred in India, a country into which the British certainly did not introduce it, and in which colour-prejudice is so ancient that the very word for the oldest and most characteristic of Indian institutions, caste, refers to colour. The tale and the moral are imperfectly related. Yet it is for the most part a good tale, and the descriptions of the official capital, neighboured by the unchanged Indian city, are done with the knowledge and picturesqueness we expect from Mr. Candler. Also there is one study of character, Banarsi Das, the irresolute young secessionist, a tragicomic figure, hardly to be over-praised. There are hundreds of Banarsi Dases among the less successful products of the Indian Universities; but no one has yet succeeded in presenting the type, with its intellectual inconsistencies, so convincingly as Mr. Candler here does.

We have much less admiration for his sketches of British official types, and suspect less knowledge in the author.

The Red Shadow. By W. L. Blennerhassett. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

WE cannot but wish that Mr. Blennerhassett had so far considered the weaker brethren as to indicate more clearly the dividing line between fact and fiction in his study of Russian politics during the years 1905-1918. On the other hand, we are grateful to him for avoiding an attitude either of partizanship or inhuman detachment. He does not seek to prove that black is white, nor yet that in the sphere of morality blackness and whiteness are as one. Towards the amazing persons whom he describes he is compassionate but calmly judicial. Hence we are less revolted than might at first sight seem likely by the horrors, intense in degree and varied in kind, which crowd these pages. Roman and Olga Kalajev, the two central figures, owe their existence to an unnatural union between a brother and sister, and live themselves in a like relation, though happily remaining childless. Their father, Ivan Kalajev, is condemned to death for assassinating the Grand Duke Serge. The Grand Duchess, after vainly endeavouring to rescue her husband's murderer, undertakes, in secret, the education of his children. Roman, partly from Olga's influence, grows up in ancestral principles, political and otherwise. He is, however, from conviction, opposed to violence, and a prominent member of the Menchivist party, which came into power after the first Revolution of 1917. But the rising flood of Bolshevism proves too strong for him, as for others, and he finds himself compelled to take his share in the carnage which followed the second Revolution. His benefactress, the Grand Duchess, perishes by his hand, and shortly after he is himself killed. Olga has died two years earlier from consumption, due in the first instance to her deplorable family history, but much aggravated by the cruel punishment meted out to her Revolutionary activities. We are much impressed by the author's account of the extraordinary religious sects which have a large following among the Russian peasantry, and also by his arresting sketch of the monk Rasputin. As redeeming features of the old regime we notice the saintly character of the Grand Duchess above-mentioned, and some traces of human kindness in individual Government officials.

Competitions

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

¶ We shall be glad if those Publishers who have not yet replied to our letter concerning the "Publishers' Prize," and who wish their names to be added to the list below, will notify us as soon as possible.

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

Prizes will be given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. The prizes will consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2; they will not be opened before Tuesday morning, so as to give country readers an equal chance with those in London. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published in the issue following that in which the problem was set. Each competitor should indicate his choice when sending his solution.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Murray
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Hodder & Stoughton	Nash & Grayson
Basil Blackwell	Hodge	Odham Press
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Herbert Jenkins	Stanley Paul
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	Putnam's
Collins	Jarrod	Routledge
Dent	John Lane, The Bodley	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Head	Selwyn & Blount
Foulis	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Melrose	Ward, Lock
Gyldendal	Methuen	Werner Laurie
	Mills & Boon	

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 7.

1. Quite at the top, but ah, how little worth!
 2. Found "all her life one warfare upon earth."
 3. "The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand."
 4. A common weed in cultivated land.
 5. "Hope to the valiant" does his music bring.
 6. Is there in nature a more shocking thing?
 7. An exclamation now but seldom heard.
 8. Ionian Islanders still use this word.
 9. On earth by day, in heaven by night best sought.
 10. Even when hooked, he is not always caught.
 11. Bret Harte first introduced this bird to me.
 12. Volcanic islands in the Southern Sea.
 13. You have been? Well, then, you've no cause to frown.
 14. "He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down."
 15. Her sons "with open arms the stranger hail."
 16. Where monkeys congregate, this will not fail.
 17. A boon to dusty cyclists worn with toil.
 18. Of priceless value—loves a chalky soil.
 19. Hollow: behold it and curtail it too.
 20. Excuse his blunders,—at the work he's new.
 21. More trees than one the appellation bear.
- BE YOURS, AS MINE, THIS BATTLE-CRY AND PRAYER!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 6.

1. Accursed its mountains! There the mighty fell.
 2. He listened, bursting his own thoughts to tell.
 3. A man of valour, but with health not blest.
 4. By Bolsheviks just now this gulf's posset.
 5. Curtail a city that in Burmah lies.
 6. O, may it make our politicians wise!
 7. What ev'ry shopkeeper is pleased to book.
 8. His image for a water-nymph he took.
 9. At Poitiers Pasquier poetized on me.
 10. Without it neither you nor I could see.
 11. "O, what a pile of rubbish here!" you say.
 12. Died long ago, but yet returns each day.
 13. Peaceful this ancient monarch and humane.
 14. A worthy man, of Rotherwood the thane.
 15. In Acadie her little village lay.
- THAT THIS TO THAT MAY LEAD, WE HOPE AND PRAY.

Solution to Acrostic No. 6.

G	ilbo	A ¹	¹ 2 Sam. ii, 21.
E	lih	U ²	² Job xxxii, 11, 18, 19.
N	aama	N ³	³ 2 Kings v, 1.
O	b	I	
A		Va	
C	offe	E ⁴	⁴ Pope, 'The Rape of the Lock,' III, 117:—
O	rde	R	Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
N	arcissus	S	And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
			Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
			New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
F	le	A ⁵	⁵ See an amusing chapter (89) in Southey's
E	yebal	L	interesting book 'The Doctor, etc.,'
R	agsho	P	where he tells of "the most illustrious of
E	v	E	all fleas," verses about which, in five
			languages, were published in a small
			quarto volume (in 1582).
N	um	A ⁶	⁶ Numa Pompilius. See Ovid's 'Metamor-
C	edri	C	phoses,' xv.
E	vangelin	E	

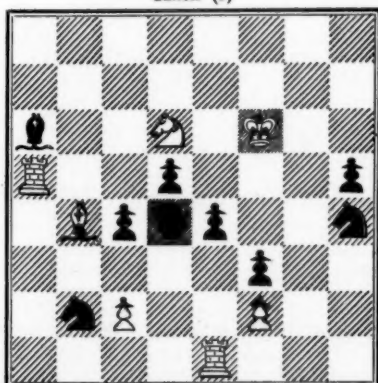
ACROSTIC No. 6.—The first correct solution received came from Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate, who has selected as her prize 'Pasteur and His Work,' by L. Descour, published by Fisher Unwin, which was reviewed in our columns last week under the title 'The Genius of Pasteur.'

The only other correct solution received was from Ovis. Carlton 2, B. Alder, W. R. Frazer, Belvoir, Sannox, Shiki, and III made one mistake each; Stucco, Harley, Major Drummond, Tin-Tac, Guy B. Heelis, W. H. Harsant, Rev. J. Boyd, Clammer, and N. Blethworth two each; all others more.

CHESS PROBLEM No. 24.

By MATTHEW FOX.

BLACK (9)



WHITE (7)

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on April 25.

PROBLEM No. 23.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) R-B6
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 23.—The winning solution was sent in by Mr. G. C. Hughes, of 30, Eardley Cres., Earl's Court, who has selected as his prize 'Pasteur and His Work,' by L. Descour, published by Fisher Unwin, and reviewed in our issue of April 15, under the heading 'The Genius of Pasteur.'

PROBLEM No. 22.—Correct from Albert Taylor, A. S. Brown, A. S. Mitchell, Rev. S. W. Sutton, C. V. R. Wright, H. Brown, A. Lewis, C. O. Grimshaw, W. A. Jesper and E. Cameron.

The first correct solution received was from Mr. Albert Taylor, of Darnall, Sheffield, who has selected as his prize Dr. L. J. Vander Bergh's 'On the Trail of the Pigmies,' published by Fisher Unwin, and reviewed in our issue of April 8 under the title of 'The Little People.'

PROBLEM No. 21.—Correct from Albert Taylor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN H. ASTLEY AND OTHERS.—In No. 22, Kt-B6, K-Kt2 and B x B-P are each met by Q-K4; K-Kt4 by Kt-Q4 ch and Q-K7 by B-K3.

Mr. H. A. Payne, of St. Loes House, Amberley, Glos., who sent the winning solution of Problem No. 21, has selected as his prize 'Creative Evolution,' by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, published by Macmillan and reviewed in our columns on April 1, under the heading 'The Philosophy of Tagore.'

The various tournaments at Weston-super-mare are, as we write, in full swing, and the week has been fruitful of surprises. The Serbian master, Kostich, for example, had a narrow escape in his game with A. Louis, last Saturday, the latter missing at a critical point a winning position, in the opinion of many good judges. Then, the redoubtable Hungarian Maroczy was so well opposed by the veteran J. H. Blake, that he was glad to draw the game, and, later in the same day, he lost to the British Champion, Mr. F. D. Yates, while this gentleman in turn had to strike his flag to the strong Liverpool player, E. Spencer. A noteworthy incident in the third class tourney was the victory of the youngest competitor at the congress, M. Davies, of Gloucester, aged thirteen, over the oldest, Mr. W. Storney. Next week we hope to give the final scores in each class of the congress.

LITERARY COMPETITION

Competitors are reminded that to-day (April 22) is the closing date for entries. We hope to publish the result next week.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Saturday, April 22, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

Books Received

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Ancient Greece. A Study by Stanley Casson. Oxford University Press. Milford: 2s. 6d. net.

A New Medley of Memories. By Sir David Hunter-Blair. Arnold: 16s. net.

A Short History of the British Drama. By Benjamin Brawley. Harrap: 7s. 6d. net.

Contemporary British Literature. By John Mathews Manly and Edith Rickert. Harrap: 5s. net.

Memoirs of the Memorable. By Sir James Denham. Hutchinson: 18s. net.

Michael Field. By Mary Sturgeon. Harrap: 6s. net.

Monastic Life in the Middle Ages. By Cardinal Gasquet. Bell: 8s. 6d. net.

Vergil. A Biography. By Tenney Frank. New York, Henry Holt.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- Captain Youth. A Play in Three Acts. By Ralph Fox. Daniel : 2s. 6d. net.
 Poems from Punch. 1909-1920. Macmillan : 7s. 6d. net.
 The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden Sanderson : 6s. net.
 The Wheel. By James Bernard Fagan. Duckworth : 3s. net.

FICTION

- By Hand Unseen. By A. W. Marchmont. Ward Lock : 7s. net.
 Hepplestaff's. By Harold Brighouse. Chapman & Dodd : 7s. 6d. net.
 Kitty and Others. By Agnes & Egerton Castle. Hutchinson : 7s. 6d. net.
 Love. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Romances. Vol. II. Dent : 7s. 6d. net.
 Mortal Coils. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.
 The Diary of a Baby. By Barry Pain. Werner Laurie : 1s. 6d. net.
 The Film of Fortune. By Monica Ewer. Methuen : 7s. 6d. net.
 The Peer and His Plunder. By Headon Hill. Ward Lock : 7s. net.
 The Red House Mystery. By A. A. Milne. Methuen : 6s. net.
 Three Knots. By William Le Queux. Ward Lock : 7s. net.
 Dangerous Ages, by Rose Macaulay; Kimono, by John Paris; Mainwaring, by Maurice Hewlett; Potterism, by Rose Macaulay; The Black Diamond, by F. Brett Young; The Ponson Case, by Freeman Wills Crofts. New Editions. Collins : 2s. 6d. net each.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Burrow's Guide to London. With an Essay by E. V. Lucas. Burrow : 3s. 6d. net.
 Driving, Approaching and Putting. By Edward Ray : Methuen : 2s. net.
 Fruits of Anthroposophy. An Introduction to the Work of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Compiled and edited by George Kaufmann. The Threefold Commonwealth : 2s. 6d. net.
 Golf from Two Sides. By Roger and Joyce Wethered. Longmans : 10s. 6d. net.
 In the Volga Valley. By Evelyn Sharp. Friends Relief Committee : 6d. net.
 International Law Association. 1921. Report of the 30th Conference. 2 Vols. Sweet & Maxwell : 25s. net.
 Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research. Vol. I. No. 3. Royal United Service Institution.
 The Conservation of Wild Life in Canada. By C. Gordon Hewitt. Scribners : 12s. 6d. net.
 The Growing Girl. By Evelyn Saywell, L.R.C.P. Methuen : 1s. net.
 The Sentence of Pontius Pilate. By James P. R. Lyell. Graf-ton : 2s. net.
 The Story of the Passion. By the Very Rev. Henry Wace, D.D. Murray : 7s. 6d. net.
 Thomas Hardy's Dorset. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Palmer : 12s. 6d. net.

A Library List

The following books are suggested to those making up their library lists. An asterisk against a title denotes that it is fiction.

- Alarums and Excursions. By James Agate. Grant Richards.
 A Letter Book. By George Saintsbury. Bell.
 Alone. By Norman Douglas. Chapman & Hall.
 A Revision of the Treaty. By J. M. Keynes. Macmillan.
 Aspects and Impressions. By Edmund Gosse. Cassell.
 Belief in God. By Charles Gore. Murray.
 *Crome Yellow. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.
 Disenchantment. By C. E. Montague. Chatto & Windus.
 Essays and Addresses. By Gilbert Murray. Allen & Unwin.
 *Guinea Girl. By Norman Davey. Chapman & Hall.
 *Joan of Overbarrow. By Anthony Wharton. Duckworth.
 *Jurgen. By J. B. Cabell. Lane.
 Last Days in New Guinea. By C. A. W. Moncton. The Bodley Head.
 Little Essays on Love and Virtue. By Havelock Ellis. Black.
 Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray.
 Peaceless Europe. By Francesco Nitti. Cassell.
 *Search. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Chatto & Windus.
 The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. Cape.
 *The Gang. Joseph Anthony. Cape.
 *The Garden Party. By Katharine Mansfield. Constable.
 The Pleasures of Ignorance. By Robert Lynd. Grant Richards.
 The Secrets of a Savoyard. Henry A. Lytton. Jarrold.
 *The Things We Are. By Middleton Murry. Constable.

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BOOKS.—Merriman's Novels, 8 vols., blue cloth, scarce, £3; Byron, Astarte by Earl of Lovelace, 18s., another Edit. de Luxe, £3 10s. od.; Dibdin's Songs, 1842, 2 vols., 30s.; Johnson's Lives of the Poets, 1st edit., 4 vols., 1781, 30s.; Churchward's Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man, 1913, £2 10s. od.; Waite's Secret Tradition in Freemasonry, 2 vols., £3 10s. od.; Inman's Ancient Faiths, 2 vols., £3 3s. od.; Blavatsky, Isis Unveiled, 2 vols., £3 3s. od.; Fraser's Magic Art, 2 vols., 1913, 30s.; Baxter Prints: The Pictures of George Baxter with 140 plates, just issued, £3 5s. od.; Gilfillan's British Poets, fine set, large type, 48 vols., £4 4s. od., 1854; Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin with intro. by John Drinkwater, 3 vols., 25s.; Debreit's Peerage, 1915, as new, 32s., for 5s. 6d., post free; Ruskin Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25; Carmen, illus., by René Bull, Edit. de Luxe, 30s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others. Books wanted: £2 each offered for Masefield's Salt-Water Ballads, 1902; Everlasting Mercy, 1911. Please report and 1st Edits. by Masefield, Conrad, Dunsany and Geo. Moore.—EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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"OBESITY: ITS TREATMENT," by T. Dutton, M.D., price 3s. 9d., post free. A book for fat people. "It sets forth in language intelligible, not only to medical men, but to all classes."—*Scotsman*. HENRY KIMPTON, 263, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

Issued Capital, £1,400,000 in 1,400,000 Shares of £1 each.

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J. MUNRO (Deputy-Chairman). G. J. JOEL.
J. G. LAWN, C.B.E. J. H. CROSBY.
G. IMROTH.

Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended 31st December, 1921

Tons crushed 1,625,500				Per ton, based on tonnage crushed.
Total Working Revenue	£3,520,400 14 1	£2 3 4
Total Working Costs	1,757,910 19 10	1 1 8
Working Profit	£1,762,489 14 3	£1 1 8
Rents, Interest, Sundry Revenue, etc.	40,996 12 5	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1920	467,536 5 9	
				£2,271,022 12 5
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—				
Government of the Union of South Africa, share of Profits	896,210 14 7	
Profits appropriated for Capital Expenditure to date in excess of working capital provided	413,002 18 7	
Miners' Phthisis Sanatorium, Income Tax, Provincial Gold Profits Tax, Depreciation, Donations, etc.	31,284 15 8	
Dividends Nos. 8 of 25 % and 9 of 30 %	770,000 0 0	
				2,110,498 8 10
Leaving a balance unappropriated of	£160,524 3 7

The Ore Reserves have been recalculated, and are estimated at 10,232,000 tons, of an average value of 8.5 dwts. over a stoping width of 77 inches; they include ore of a value of 4 dwts. and over.

The full Reports and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10/11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

VAN RYN DEEP, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Transvaal.)

Issued Capital, £1,196,892, in 1,196,892 Shares of £1 each

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G. J. JOEL. SIR ABE BAILEY, Bart.
SIR WM. DALRYMPLE, K.B.E.

Extracted from the Annual Report for the Year ended 31st December, 1921

Tons crushed 611,400.				Per ton, based on tonnage crushed.
Total Working Revenue	£1,733,695 3 1	£2 16 8
Total Working Costs	810,777 4 2	1 6 6
Working Profit	£922,917 18 11	£1 10 2
Rents, Sundry Revenue, etc.	16,565 17 0	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1920	137,675 17 0	
				£1,077,159 12 11
The amount has been dealt with as follows:—				
Miners' Phthisis Sanatorium, Income and Dividend Taxes, Provincial Gold Profits Tax, Donations, etc.	£160,806 13 1	
Dividends Nos. 16 and 17 of 30 % each	718,135 4 0	
				878,941 17 1
Leaving a balance unappropriated of	£198,217 15 10

The Ore Reserves have been recalculated, and are estimated at 3,317,000 tons, of an average value of 9.2 dwts. over a stoping width of 73 inches. They include ore of a value of 4.25 dwts. and over.

The full Reports and Accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10/11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

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